

BLUSHES

ISSUE 37



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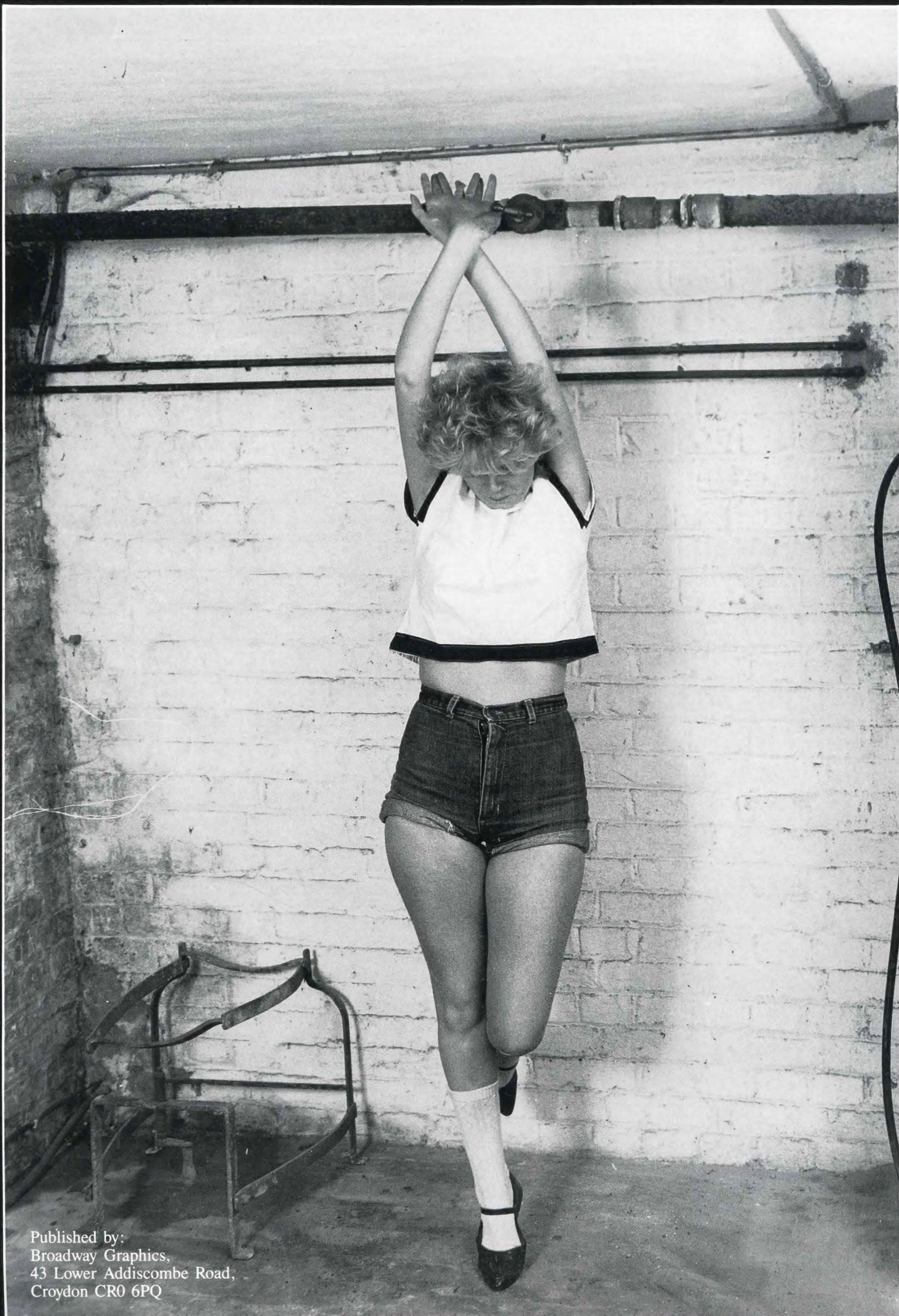
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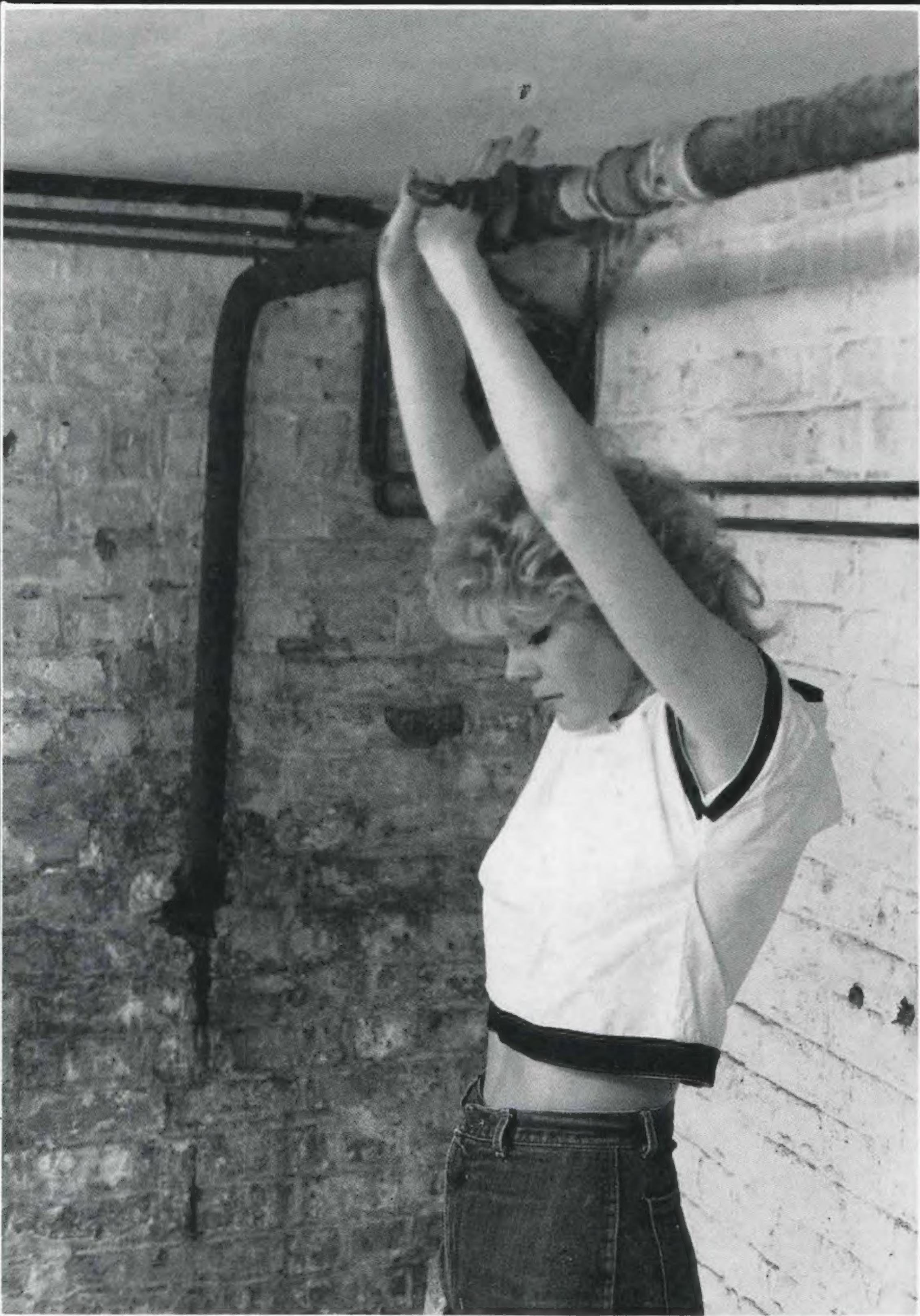
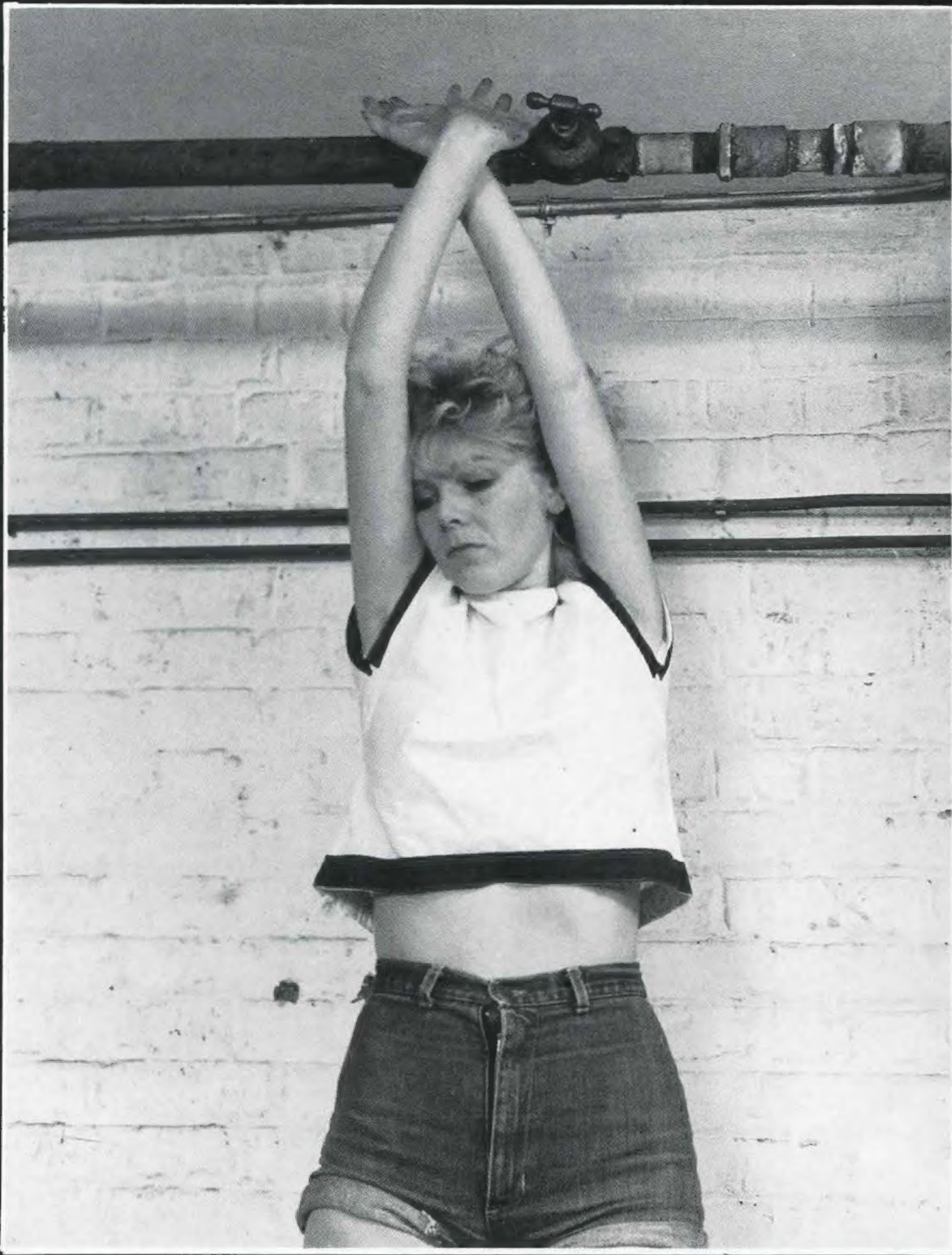


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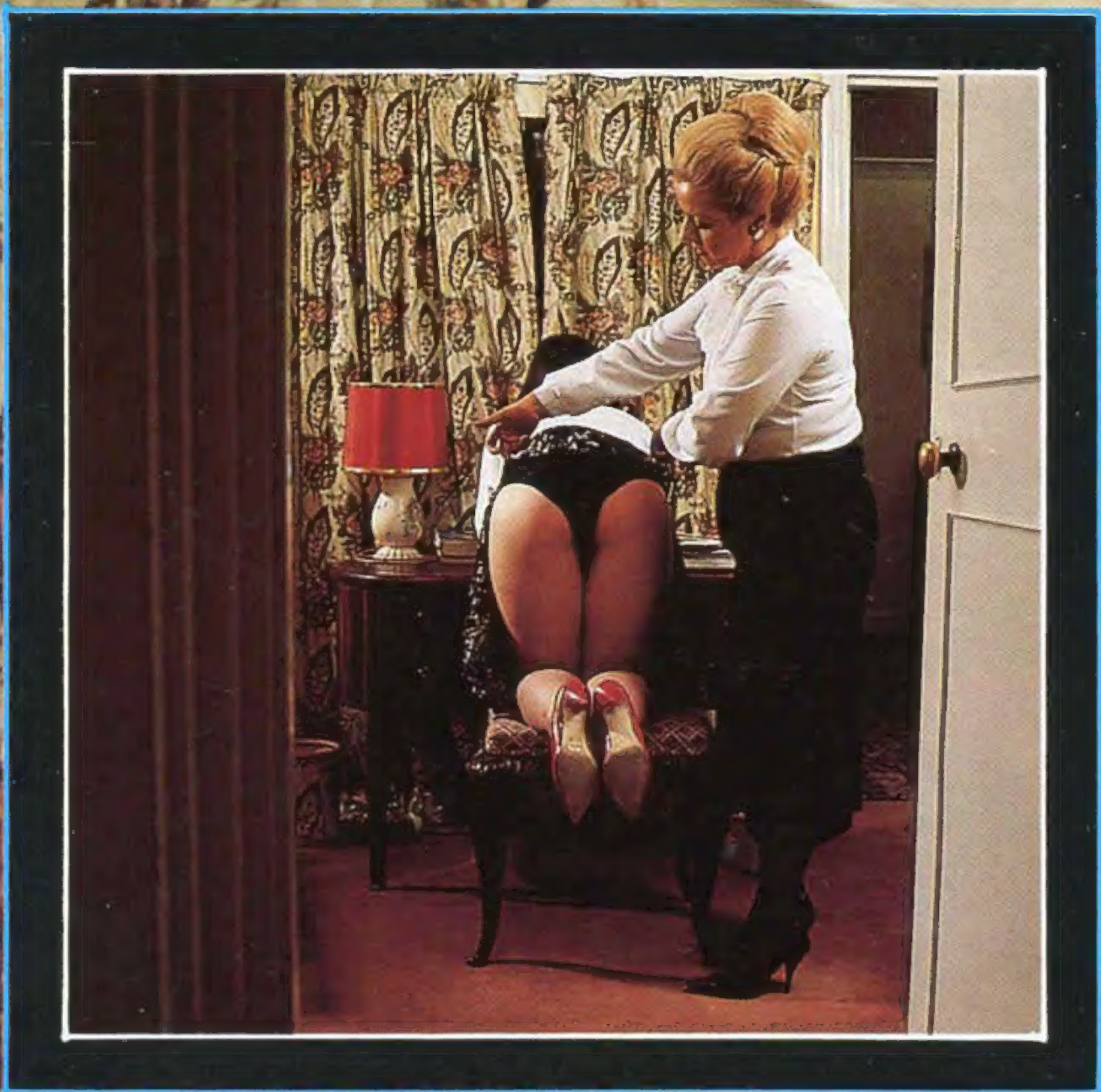
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All photos are posed by models, professional or otherwise, over the age of 18. None of the contents of this magazine are intended to condone or encourage sexual coercion. Stories and articles represent fictional situations only; reader's letters should be regarded as legitimate comment reflecting the writer's views alone. All material in this publication is of UK origin and is published in the UK.





RULES OF THE HOUSE

Sally felt the cold dry hand against her bared bottom cheek. She stared blankly at the rich patterned curtain just inches away from her face. 'Oh God. This is awful. Just awful.' Knowing she was bare and exposed. Knowing that the woman was staring at her, considering all those intimate secrets of a big girl's anatomy, all now so blatantly exposed. 'Right down. Get right down. Rest yourself on the dressing table.' She heard the woman's carefully-measured tones. 'And keep your bottom still.'

Sally Blackwell was a career girl. Just three months ago she had joined the dynamic young workforce of Dunward Services Limited, one of the new and exciting young businesses so beloved and encouraged by the present Government. And in those three short months, her personality and drive had taken her straight into the Managing Director's Office. Young Sally was pretty, intelligent, and spirited.

Daniel Ward leaned back in his executive chair. 'So you really want a career with us?' Sally smiled positively, and nodded. 'Reckon you've got what it takes?' Again, Sally nodded assuredly. Dan Ward pursed his lips and paused for thought. He made a silent decision. 'Alright. I'll transfer you to our Midlands branch. You've got one month to prove

Daniel Ward's training system for young female executives (refer to Supplement 24) now has another recruit.

you can stay the course.'

Young Sally virtually skipped all the way home that evening, having discovered the scale of her new pay-packet. As the weekend approached she prepared for her move. The journey north. One hundred and fifty miles from St. Pancras. Her new job. New responsibilities, and a lot more money. As she stepped out of the train onto the platform of her new home, Sally promised herself that this would be the turning point in her life. Three hours later, Sally had her bottom smacked.

'Stand up, please, Miss Blackwell.' The woman entered the bedroom and the

power of her presence pervaded the small well-appointed room. Sally's surprise and indignation denied her the power of speech for a short but vulnerable time. The girl glanced upwards, wondering why her new landlady had invaded her privacy. But then the woman smiled. 'Yes. Mr Ward said you were a good-looking girl.' Sally, a little bewildered, shook her head. The woman's experienced eyes quickly scanned the girl's slim form. 'Yes. Well-groomed; well-dressed; good-looking.' Sally tried to move away. Suddenly she felt menaced by this woman. Suddenly, Sally wanted to be alone.



Mrs Mason sat down beside her, her arm gently resting upon Sally's shoulders. 'A few facts you ought to know, Miss Blackwell.' Sally wished she could shy away, but instead she stayed rigid, wishing that this woman would take her arm away and leave her little room. 'Just like you, I work for Dan Ward. In fact I report personally and directly to Mr Ward.' Sally felt the woman's strong arms around her, as if she was being pulled towards this strange domineering woman. 'Mr Ward is insistent that if his staff fail in their personal and private lives, then they will fail in their business life as well.' Sally tried to move away. The softness and richness of her little room weighed heavily upon her. But Mrs Mason continued. 'That means quite simply, that you do as I say. Otherwise, you can say goodbye to your nice new job.'

That evening, young Sally snuggled

well beneath the bedclothes and tried hard to forget the events of that evening. She cried quietly into her pillow as the images and sensations of the past hours refused to leave her. Mrs Mason had recited the house rules. About not returning home too late in the evening. About not making too much noise in her room. And then the pretty twenty-year old had found herself resting face down across Mrs Mason's lap. 'I deal with disobedience in my own way,' the woman had warned her, in a quiet whispering voice. 'After all. If Mr Ward got to know, that would be the end of your career, wouldn't it?' So helpless, Sally had remained lying stretched out across the woman's lap, while she felt those cold determined fingers lifting up her loose skirt. Time stood still for young Sally as the woman ensured that the girl was perfectly positioned across her knee, her upturned bot-





tom elevated quite prominently, and protected only by the flimsiest of white lace knickers. 'So any misdemeanour under my roof will result in the soundest of bottom-smackings, Miss Blackwell.' A cold firm palm was already resting upon the bare curves of the girl's bottom, unprotected by the little white knickers. 'Unless of course you'd prefer Mr Ward to deal with the problem...'

Slowly, very slowly, Sally's little knickers had been tugged down to her knees. And her bouncy round bottom had been smacked. Really smacked. Slowly, firmly and confidently, the woman had smacked her, applying a cold firm palm to those exposed girlish curves. 'I find most young ladies are a little disturbed by my introductory lesson,' the woman commented quietly, as Sally, lying face-down across her knee rocked forward and back with each firm smack. 'But then, so few young ladies nowadays have experienced a really sound bottom tanning. Once you know what your bottom is for, your behaviour will be quite faultless, I'm sure.' Smack by smack, Sally's bottom turned from the smooth opal-cream, through many shades of gentle pink, to crimson red. At first, the smacking just stung. But soon the smacks were burning into Sally's bottom. Her gasps of indignation turned to genuine pleas, her eyes filled with welling tears. Quite in-





voluntarily, she had kicked out against the bedclothes, her legs flailing wildly. The woman seemed to take little notice.

And after the smacking, Mrs Mason had held her, still outstretched across her knee, her feet resting against the quilt-cover on one side, her pretty face masked by a damp tangle of shoulder-length hair buried deep into the bedclothes on the other side. Mrs Mason watched the girl's bottom, now an almost even hue of bright crimson, twitching occasionally. Red and burning. 'Now you know the rules of the house, young lady.' She lifted the girl to her feet and turned her so that they were standing face to face. 'You're not too old for a good hiding, young lady. Just you remember that.' Sally whispered silent swear words as the woman left the room. And then she cried to herself as she kneaded her stinging bottom with searching hands. Just a month to prove herself. Perhaps Daniel Ward had an ulterior motive in sending her to this dreadful place. Quite respectable suburbia, Sally had thought, as she had walked up the garden path. But who knows what can happen behind the doors of respectable suburbia? Sally was beginning to learn.

'Is she behaving herself?' Dan Ward had been waiting for Mrs Mason's end of week report. 'Occasional lapses,' the woman reported. 'But we are correcting them, quite effectively.' Dan Ward pondered the manilla file containing details of Miss Sally Blackwell. 'That one needs a firm hand, Mrs Mason. A firm hand.' He restrained himself from defining any more clearly how the firm hand should be applied; and how frequently; and to what part of young Sally's delightful anatomy. Secretly, Daniel Ward could be quite precise. He would have her up-ended, her bottom bared, and he





would apply the very thinnest and whippiest cane he could imagine across the twin bottom cheeks of Miss Blackwell. 'I leave it in your hands, Mrs Mason.' There was a confidence in his voice. Mrs Mason knew how to tame the most spirited girl. Sally would be no problem.

It was Friday evening. The end of a long week. The woman pointed with her long manicured fingers. 'Over here. Get across the stool.' Sally knelt obediently, as Mrs Mason instructed her to lean forwards, until her elbows were resting against the top of the dressing table, supporting her weight. 'You've broken the house rules, haven't you?' The woman waited. Sally mumbled her response. 'I think your bottom needs a little treatment, Miss Blackwell.' Those cold hands lifted the girl's full skirt, raising it well clear of Sally's bottom. 'Now give me one good reason why I shouldn't take your knickers down right now and tan this bottom of yours?' Sally could think of many reasons, but the woman was already tugging at her pants. At least they weren't those lacy things she'd worn at the beginning of the week. Mrs Mason hadn't approved. She'd even presented Sally with several new pairs. Just like her old school



knickers. But tighter. Tauter across her bottom. 'I think a good sound smacking should teach you a lesson, young lady.' Somehow, the woman wasn't talking to Sally. She was addressing the bare round bottom, jutting out, just asking to be smacked. A smooth round bottom. Perfectly shaped. Delightfully curved. The woman pressed her free hand down against the girl's shoulders. 'Right down. It's your bottom I want to see.' And she could see much more as Sally lay exposed. Mrs Mason enjoyed the sort of view that Dan Ward would appreciate. A really intimate view of a pretty young woman. A really revealing view of a pretty girl's secret assets. The sort of view she would only reveal when she was being spanked, or when...

'How dare you disobey me.' A firm slap landed across Sally's bottom. She wriggled, shaking her head from side to side. 'I'll teach you to disobey.' Another slap. Sally gasped as the sting of the smack began to radiate across her bottom cheeks. Slap after slap fell with stinging precision, not only over the girl's ample bottom curves but also lower down across her firm fleshy upper thighs. 'Please...please...oh, please...' But the words were lost as the twenty year old was comprehensively spanked, the woman pausing only occasionally to bend the girl in an even tighter and more

revealing arc against the dressing table.

Sally closed her eyes tightly against the awful embarrassment of the smacking. Of feeling that woman wrenching her knickers right down. Knowing that Mrs Mason could see every private secret of her body. Wondering whether this happened to all the girls who sought promotion with the Company. Wondering whether Mr Ward knew what was happening in this quite corner of Midlands suburbia.

Daniel Ward rang again that evening. 'She doesn't take kindly to having her knickers taken down.' Dan had laughed. 'Right little madams, these youngsters. Think the world owes them a living. All they have to do is smile, flash a few of their attributes and they've got themselves a career.' He held the handset close to his lips as if to impart some confidential information to the trusted Mrs Mason. 'Young Sally will be good, one day. But she needs training. She's cheeky...and a little too self-assured.' Mrs Mason knew exactly what he meant. 'Don't worry,' she promised him. 'I have the measure of young Sally Blackwell.'

On the following evening, after a brief exchange of words, during which young Sally's vocabulary proved to be rather more — or less — than ladylike, she was spanked again. Up in her little bedroom, in the working clothes her landlady had



prescribed. This time, she knew the routine. Up on the padded stool, bent forward, arms and elbows resting flat against the dressing-table, her bottom on display. A good sharp pants-down smacking, just as Daniel Ward had prescribed. Enough to make young Sally think twice about cheeking her elders and betters in future. But this time, Mrs Mason responded to her employer's most recent comments. 'Take her down a peg or two. Make her realise that she is still a very junior and subordinate member of this company. And if she can't obey instructions, she's out.'

The woman paused in her punishment. The girl risked a glance upwards and sideways, wondering if the smacking was over. Whether she could get up and grasp her stinging bottom. 'I really don't think you've learnt anything from yesterday's spanking.' The woman said, quite quietly, contemplating the pink and red blotches just appearing across the bottom bent before her. 'Lean right down. Put your head right under the table.' She pushed Sally down, and told her to hold the front legs of the stool with each hand. 'Now perhaps I can really deal with your bottom...' The smacking that followed taught Sally more than a few salutary



but Mrs Mason was insistent; and she was beginning to realise that it really didn't pay to disobey Mrs Mason. Reluctantly, the pretty black and white dress was edged down, over her hips until it fluttered silently to the floor. 'Now sit down. Right down. Put your bottom onto the stool. Let's see if your smacking has really had an effect.'

Sally winced as she lowered herself down until her aching sore bottom came in contact with the surface of the stool. Padded or not, it felt so hard and cold. 'Come on. Sit down. Put that bottom of yours down on the stool.' It really hurt. Sally wondered just how long the sting would remain. Wondered how she would be able to sit down in the office in the morning. The woman opened the door. 'Now just you stay there, young lady, and contemplate your future.' Mrs Mason left, leaving the bedroom door ajar. As soon as she was alone, Sally's tears came again. Tears this time of self-pity. And tears of annoyance, as her knickers at half-mast, dressed only in her sweatshirt and shoes she came to terms with being spanked. The bottom-smacking across Mrs Mason's knees had been bad enough. But at least the pain had gone away quite quickly. And as soon as she'd got up, her skirt had hidden her bottom. And last night's spanking over the stool had been awful, but at least the woman hadn't made her bend right down. A renewed shudder of embarrassment came over her as she tried to imagine the view afforded to her landlady. Such a well-endowed young woman, bent over like that.

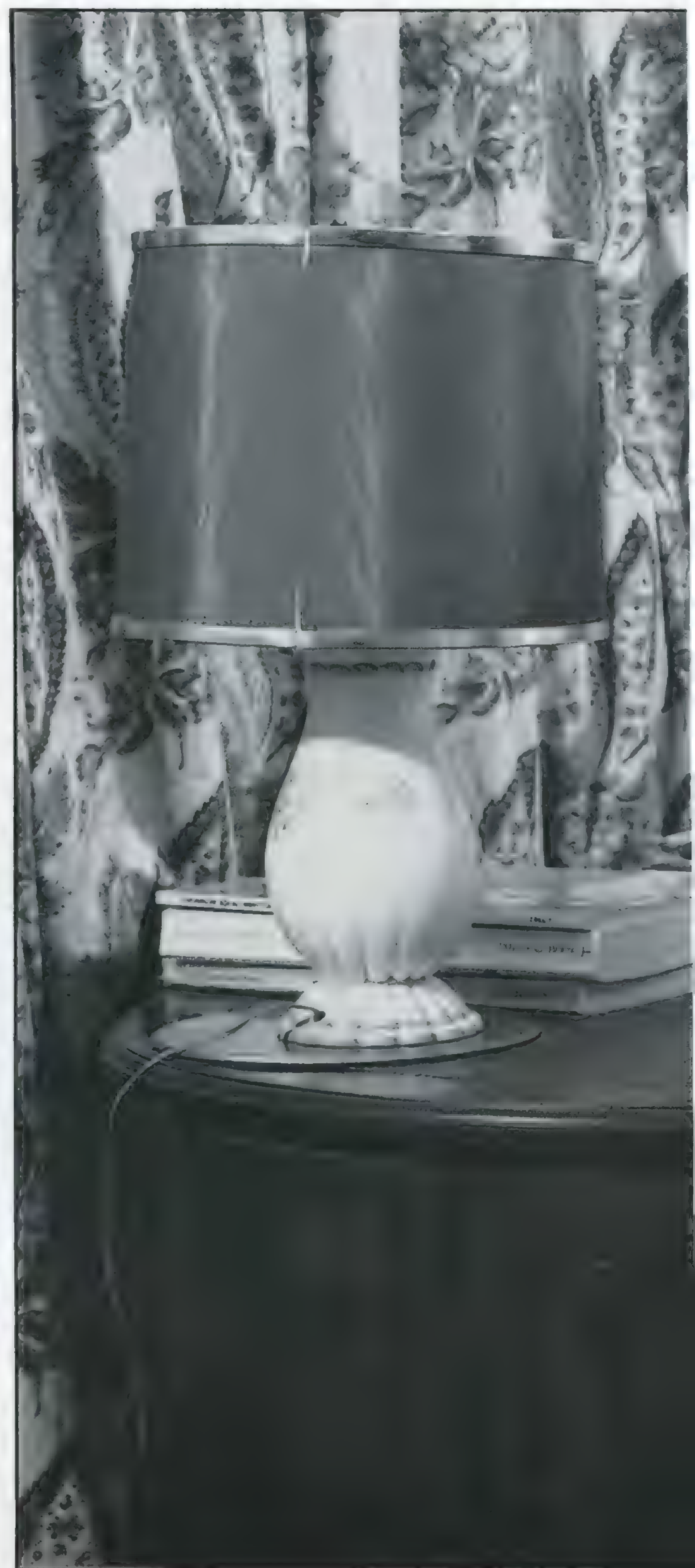
But strangely enough, the very worst aspect of the whole affair had not been the awful smacking. Even though her bot-

lessons. For five long minutes, Mrs Mason saw only the upturned bottom and thighs of a cheeky young minx who needed to be put in her place.

It was time to see whether a simple spanking would have the desired results. 'Stand up.' Flustered, Sally scrambled to her feet trying not to bang her head on the wooden edging of the dressing table as she got up. 'Why have you been punished, Sally?' The girl stifled a sob. '...Because I was...cheeky?...and...disobedient?' The woman smiled slightly. Yes. Perhaps all that was needed was a good sound spanking every now and again. 'Show me your bottom.' The girl blushed at the order. 'Come on. Take your hands away. Show me your bottom.' Sally stood and waited as the woman stared at still-pink bottom cheeks. 'You don't like showing your bottom to me, do you?' The girl shook her head. 'Well unless your behaviour improves considerably, young lady, you're going to have to get used to it.'

Sally began to pull her knickers up, lifting the elastic away from her still-stinging bottom. 'Not yet, Sally. Not yet.' The knickers stayed down, a tangled knot of fabric around her knees. 'Take your skirt off.' Sally tried to shake her head,





tom still stung everytime she wriggled on the stood. Much more worse had been the way she had been made to take off her skirt. After all, no-one but no-one had a right to see inside a young lady's knickers. Under any circumstances..unless in the course of...Sally felt it was an outrage. Especially as she knew the woman had taken every opportunity to look at her.

On Sunday evening, another telephone conversation. 'Yes. Knickers and skirt right down.' the woman assured her employer. 'And a further mild reminder before she went to bed.' Daniel Ward asked for details. 'Well, bearing in mind what you said...Yes, I took her knickers right off...Yes. Across my knees, on her bed...Oh Yes, Mr Ward. She's quite a big girl...' In those few minutes before she was left to get undressed for bed, young Sally's smart red shoes had been taken off. 'Just in case you wave your legs around a little too wildly.' And with her sweatshirt folded back halfway up her back, Sally's mild reminder commenced. Just a brief smacking. Not intended to hurt, really. Just a reminder that Mrs Mason was the authority in this house. Reminding Sally that she could return to London at any time; and tender her resignation in person to Mr Ward.



Sally's firm round rump wobbled and bounced under the chastisement, and Sally gasped and pleaded into the quilt covers. Somehow, try as she might, she just couldn't keep her legs together. They just seemed to wave about in response to the woman's firm hand. Finally, young Sally gave up. Attempts at maidenly modesty just weren't possible when you were lying face-down across someone's knee, and your bottom, already reddened by a sound tanning, was being smacked again. Mrs Mason sensed the girl's defeat immediately. She stopped, but held the girl still across her lap. 'It's in your hands, Sally. Curb your cheek and we could make a success of you.'

That night, Sally lay face down on the top of the quilt, her long nightdress carefully folded back exposing her bottom to the soothing night air. The tears were long gone. Sally's enquiring mind was working overtime. Mrs Mason could never be doing this at her own instigation. She'd never get away with it. She'd be fired as soon as Head Office found out what she did to her tenants. That meant that Mr Daniel Ward knew all about it. She suddenly thought about the frequent phone calls. When Mrs Mason would close the door to her drawing room and talk quietly on the phone for many minutes. She was making her report. Telling Mr Ward, perhaps, about her. Describing her spankings. Telling that man all about her big bare bottom, and the way she kicked and wriggled as the woman spanked her. As she went to sleep, there was still confusion in her mind. But a germ of an idea was also beginning to form.



SIX

The girl standing before the black-robed judge was of above medium height and possessed of a very voluptuous figure. This latter was abundantly evident as she was clothed in only a short, thin cotton shift. This was the required attire for a young female when appearing before a judge. She had a pretty full-lipped face and her shoulder-length brown hair was tied with ribbons into two bunches.

The judge eyed her, his expression serious. A glance at the papers on his desk and then another searching look at the girl. Primarily it seemed at what was under, but revealed by, the form-fitting shift. Up front were large, juttingly-nippled boobs. Her offence was loitering in a public place: a catch-all category that the authorities could make use of more or less at will. Young people in a public place with nothing in particular to do tended to worry the authorities. Girls especially were frequently picked up and charged with loitering.

'Guilty,' the judge pronounced. *Found guilty as charged*, he wrote in a careful copperplate hand in the ledger. He waved the book to dry the ink, then turned to the court official. 'She'll get the usual. Domestic service; six months.'

The man nodded. The judge had another keen look at the girl. 'But...I think a caning here, in the court, as well, Miss Smithson. You look to me as if you could do with something extra.' He stood up. 'Take that thing off. I shall cane you myself.'

The girl's eyes dart over to the official, as if he might offer assistance; advise the judge perhaps that he can't do this. But that had to be a forlorn hope. The official was present to serve the judge, not to circumscribe his actions. She swallowed.



MONTH SENTENCE

looked as if she wanted to say something but didn't. Deciding presumably that any argument could only make things worse. Her hands took hold of the mid-thigh-level hem of her shift and raised it; to her shoulders and then off over her head. The hands came down, one now with the removed garment.

Her eyes met the judge's eyes and looked quickly away. Her face was flushed, her body trembling slightly. The magnificent body was of course nude. Splendidly large tits thrust unsaggingly out in spite of the absence of a bra. Down below the thighs and buttocks were equally ripely feminine. All these burgeoning curves were made to seem even more so by the slim waist. At the bottom of her belly was a thick swatch of dark hair that no doubt her hands were desperate to cover, as they were the jutting tits, but this clearly was forbidden.

The eyes of the judge and the official flickered over the splendid body. The judge's severe expression did not change.

He turned to the other man and brusquely told him to clear the desk. He would cane her on it. She was to lie on the polished wooden top. On her back. And hold her legs up above her. The girl's mouth opened. A little gasp popped out as she no doubt pictured the position she was to be in. It seemed impossible, but it was nonetheless happening. The desk was cleared. The official had produced a cane for the judge. And she was being assisted up onto the table top. Her legs raised...

* * *

The woman would be in her thirties and is slightly taller than the girl who is herself of above average height. She is handsome in a mature way with shiny blonde hair pulled back in a bun, and is somewhat severely dressed in a white long-sleeved blouse and dark mid-calf-length skirt. The girl standing before her

is dressed in a grey suit with black flat-heeled shoes. Her figure in the plain suit is ripely rounded. She is a pretty girl with her thick dark hair tied in two bunches.

'So you are what they've sent me,' the blonde woman says. She glances at a piece of paper — a form — that the girl has handed her. They are standing in a pleasantly furnished lounge. The girl has just been delivered in an official vehicle driven by a man in a cheap suit and peaked cap. The woman looks up.

'Karen Smithson?'

'Yes, Mrs Calbury.' The girl's voice is respectful, nervous. Scared perhaps. Mrs Calbury is a complete unknown quantity and Karen is being handed over to her for six months, to do with virtually as she sees fit. And to add to her nervousness there is the drive she has just had with that man in the official car. Not to mention of course the still fresh memory of yesterday. Her ordeal at the







court.

'Loitering, I see. Loitering in a public place. What were you doing: picking up men?' She puts the form down on the table.

'No!' The accusation makes her blush although it is the usual presumption for a girl on the charge of loitering. 'I...was only waiting for my boyfriend.'

Mrs Calbury smiles. 'I suppose that's what they all say, young woman. Well there won't be any opportunity for that here; boyfriends or picking up men. I keep a girl on a very tight leash. Strictly no male contacts. And if she gets a little overheated I give her a taste of the cane. That usually cools those hot urges.'

The girl doesn't answer. There is no answer. There is also the memory of yesterday. The judge. That awful caning.

'Have you had the cane, young woman? Looking at you I would imagine you had. You have the sort of shape that

will have some men reaching for the cane, given the opportunity.'

This is true. Karen *has* been caned and not only by that judge in the court. She has been picked up for loitering twice before but without it going to court. Threatened with the court but in fact on both those occasions the official had been prepared to deal with it himself. An unofficial caning. Well why play it by the book and send a pretty girl to court when you can deal with it yourself and have a bit of enjoyment out of it. Quite a number of cases of loitering do not go to court. It is not a practice which is strictly approved of but everyone knows it happens.

Karen is haltingly stating that she was caned by the judge.

Mrs Calbury raised her eyebrows. 'The judge!' It is without doubt outside his remit. A girl can be caned by her employer when she is assigned to





domestic service, and there is also the youth centre where caning is on the agenda. A court, though, is not seen as a proper place for a girl to get a caning. However, one is not going to question the actions of a judge. If he wished to do it...

'Tell me about it,' Mrs Calbury says. 'What did he do exactly? And you can take your skirt off. Let me have a look at you.'

* * *

In that official car the man in the suit and peaked cap had wanted the same thing. Wanted her to take her skirt off. He wanted to fuck her. 'You were done for loitering, weren't you? So you're on the game.' Quite possibly he didn't really believe that but it was an excuse. He said



if she wouldn't co-operate he would say she had tried it on with him. Offered to have sex if he would let her go.

He had parked the car in this deserted lot behind some decaying, abandoned buildings. He had picked her up from her house as arranged but had arrived half an hour before the planned time saying there had been a change in the arrangements but this was obviously the real reason. He wanted to have a go at her before he delivered her to Mrs Calbury. He parked and was immediately grabbing. There was no one to see, only the broken windows staring vacantly from the dilapidated building. His hands were grabbing up her skirt, pulling open the suit jacket. She wouldn't agree to what he wanted, though, and he finally gave up, angry and frustrated.

'You bitch. I hope that woman's going to really cane the daylights out of you.' And a final threat: 'I'm going to send in a report. Say you tried it on with me. You'll be up before that judge again and for a second offence he'll send you away for two years.'

Would he do that? Standing before Mrs Calbury now and being told to take her skirt off. Probably it was only a threat, because he was so angry. They wouldn't believe him. Would they? There was of course no question of refusing to take her skirt off for Mrs Calbury. Her hands obediently at the zip. Sliding it down. Stepping out of it. Underneath were stockings fastened with the straps of a white suspender belt, and neat white knickers. The creamy bare flesh of her upper thighs that the man had been hot-

ly mauling. He had got one suspender strap undone but it was now properly fastened again. He had been desperate to get the neat white knickers off. Mrs Calbury was eyeing what she revealed.

'Slip the knickers down. Let me see if that caning has left any marks.'

Standing with her skirt in her hand and her knickers lowered...as the tall blonde woman patted and pinched at the ripe bare buttocks. As that judge had patted and pinched at them before he got her up on the desk. And then again afterwards when there were the angry red stripes criss-crossing the creamy flesh. The caning had left no lasting marks, though. The judge was presumably experienced. He knew just how hard to bring the cane down: to have her gasping in desperation but at the same time not mark the flesh too much.

'He must have scarcely touched you.' Mrs Calbury is still patting and groping. 'I shall give you something a bit more than that, my girl.'

The hand is at the ripe undercurve of the full cheeks, jiggling them. It slides lower. In underneath. 'Especially if you show any signs of getting overheated. Do you know what I mean?' The hand is right in between her legs.

'Yes!' the girl gasps. 'I won't...'

'You won't see that boyfriend for six months. Or any other male.' The fingers are there, working at her. 'You'll probably be climbing up the wall in frustration. But what you'll get is not a man's thing in here but the cane on your hot bottom. Do you understand that?'

'Yes... Ohhh! Yes, Mrs Calbury...'



The blonde woman takes her hand away. 'As long as you are quite clear. Now then: let's start you on some work. You want to make yourself useful I'm sure. Get yourself changed and you can start some cleaning.'

* * *

A short-sleeved T-shirt and a pair of brief knickers: that is Mrs Calbury's idea of a suitable outfit for housework. 'That way there's a lot of bare flesh available if I decide you're not putting your back into it.'

Mrs Calbury is referring to the cane of course. 'The cane across the backs of your legs, Miss? Sometimes I think the backs of a girl's legs are more sensitive than her bottom. What do you think?'

Karen is not sure that an answer was called for. She vaguely shakes her head. Mrs Calbury quickly reaches behind the half-naked girl. Her fingers sharply pinch the soft back of one thigh. The girl squeals.

'I asked a question, Miss. And I like to have an answer. Shall we do a test? Stand up straight. Take your hands away.'

Karen's hands are behind her, one rubbing where the vicious pinch has nipped. Reluctantly she moves her hands. 'I'm going to pinch your bottom and the back of your leg again. Then you'll know, won't you?'

Two breath-stopping pinches. Mrs Calbury first pushing her hand up under



the brief knickers to get at the bare cheek — and then another to the tender rear thigh-flesh. Both pinches are painful, making her yelp out. As for which was worse...

'Which, Miss?'

'Ohhh! Ouuuww!' Karen is trembling with the hot pain. But she had better say something. 'M...my leg...'

'Your leg. Well let's give the other leg one.'

'Ooohh! Ouuuwww!'

'And then you can get on with some work.' Mrs Calbury sharply smacks the trembling bottom. 'Get on *at once*.'

Karen is standing trying to stop the tears coming. The vacuum cleaner. Gasping, she looks for a socket to plug it in. Mrs Calbury has gone striding out of the room but she'll be back. With those diabolical sharp-nailed fingers. And she also said...

Mrs Calbury is shortly back and it is not only the sadistically pinching fingers to be feared now. She has a long thin cane in her hand.

'What have you done then, young woman? Show me what you've done.'

'I...I've done...' Mrs Calbury has only been gone a couple of minutes. Karen has scarcely had time to get the vacuum cleaner started.

Mrs Calbury brusquely switches the humming instrument off. 'I don't think you get the message, Karen. Perhaps you



think this is a holiday camp. Is that it? Stand up against the wall.'

She is being impossible. Deliberately. She is making impossible demands simply as an excuse to use that cane. Karen is standing facing the wall, her arms spread wide as instructed. She is shaking, crying. In anticipation of that awful cane. Her head swimming with the memory of what it was like with the judge. Upside down on that desk. But Mrs Calbury is meaner, more sadistic.





She will...

THWACKKK!...

Oh Jesus! A wailing gasp exploding from her mouth. The cane has come slicing in across the meaty backs of her thighs. Where Mrs Calbury's pinches went only this is a different order of pain from the pinches. It is different from what the judge did. Mrs Calbury has hit



just as hard as she is able.

'Get in position, girl! Stand up straight and get your arms out.'

THWACKKK!...

NO! She can't endure this pain. Great waves of it welling up from her legs. She tries to clench her teeth but they won't. Her mouth is slack, pulpy wet with tears and dribble.

'Let's have the knickers off, young lady. Take them off. Then we can deal with that big bottom as well.'

She is doing it. Through the blinding pain. Leaning into the wall for support or otherwise her rubber legs will simply collapse. The knickers are off. Standing back against the wall, her only garment now the T-shirt. Bare bottom flinching, clenching, the backs of her thighs still burning...

THWACKKK!...

She executes a clumsy sort of dance, her body jerking, writhing, and then Karen falls over. An untidy heap on the floor. She has no control over her body. The cane has cut into the full meat of her bottom like a hot knife.

'Get up, girl! You really are the most hopeless creature. Get up. Let's have you bending over this time. Touching your toes.'

No! not any more. She tries to plead but only a stuttery, blubbery sound comes out. Mrs Calbury crisply cuts the cane in across her leg. 'Get *up*, Karen. *At once!*' Somehow she does struggle to her feet. And this time bends. Somehow she is standing with her head down at her knees. Her hands at her ankles. The big bottom is thrust ripely out. It is humming with hot pain which is about to be redoubled. Mrs Calbury with a set expression on her face is whipping it in.

THWACK!!!

* * *

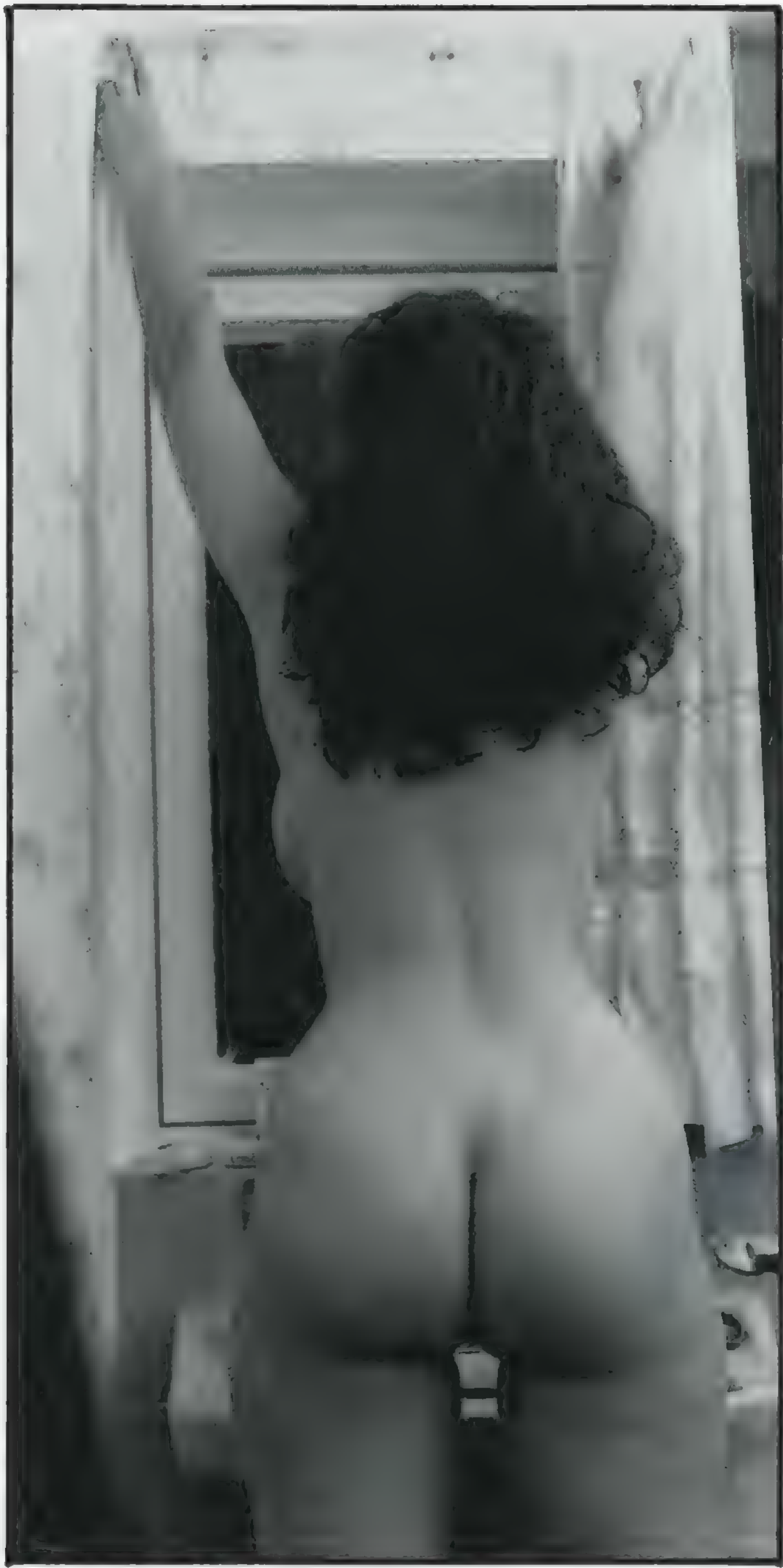
'How are you this morning, Karen?'

The girl tries to find some words. A respectful 'Very well, Mrs Calbury' is all she can think of. There is no point saying she is scared stiff of that cane coming out again, or of Mrs Calbury viciously reaching out to pinch something soft and tender. There is a lot that is soft and tender on display for Karen is nude. She has just had a bath and dried herself. Mrs Calbury has come into the bathroom. Mrs Calbury of course is fully dressed. At least she hasn't got that cane in her hand. There is a cloth or tea towel or something.

'Very well, are we?' she comes closer. 'Stand up straight then. That's better. You *are* a big girl, aren't you? These big things.' Her hand has taken hold of one jutting boob.

'I suppose a lot of men like them big like this. I expect you get a lot of attention with these big things.'

Karen does not know what to say. Mrs Calbury's hand is caressing the big tits; one and then the other. The nipples are



responding. Sticking out. A hot flush of embarrassment is flooding her face but she stands still with her hands at her sides.

Mrs Calbury gives a little laugh. 'Mr Dicherson, Karen. The judge who dealt with you. He wants to see you again.' Another little laugh. 'I suppose he wants to see these big things again. Do you think? Although perhaps one shouldn't say that about a judge.' Her face is closer. 'Also, Karen, I expect he wants to cane you again.'

Mrs Calbury's voice is soft, teasing almost. Quite different from when she was viciously caning Karen yesterday. The thought of the judge goes through the nude girl's head but her mind is mostly on this tall blonde woman. Who is very close and whose hand now slides

down to the bush of hair at Karen's groin.

'I said you wouldn't have any male contacts, Karen. Nothing to get *this* excited. Of course I couldn't refuse the judge though. But he won't be interested in *this*. Will he?' A mocking laugh. 'Not a judge surely.'

Mrs Calbury's fingers are in between the girl's thighs. Teasing at her most sensitive parts. Yesterday she was caning her just as hard as she could, and now...

'What do you think, Karen? Do you think it is only the cane? I'm quite sure he will want to cane you again. But is he going to want something else?'

She takes her hand away. It comes up, to lightly smack the girl's flushed face. 'Come with me. We'll go into my room for a moment.'





The girl goes silently out of the drawing room with the tea trolley, her high heels sinking softly into the deep carpet. A pretty girl with dark curling hair and a neat figure in her little black maid's uniform. The eyes of the attractive blonde woman sitting on the settee follows her appraisingly.

'She seems a willing little thing, Susan,' she observes to her hostess.

Susan Mallamby says, 'Yes. Willing enough. She's not had much experience of course.'

The blonde woman, who is tall and in her thirties and called Muriel Worthing, says, 'But you're working on her. Her training.'

Susan Mallamby, less tall than her visitor and younger, says, 'Oh yes.'

'The cane? Have you caned her yet? Or perhaps a strap?'

Susan gives a quizzical look, then smiles. 'No. I can't say I have. Well I don't know that she actually *needs* that sort of thing. She *is* very willing.'

The older blonde woman shakes her head. 'Susan, they all need it. Especially a new, young one like that. You need to make things very clear to a girl and it requires the cane. Willing or not. There's no substitute.'

Susan Mallamby considers this. 'Have you never caned a girl?' Muriel asks. Susan, perhaps flushing slightly, shakes her head. She is 25 and not long married, an inexperienced young woman one could say. And at 25 she is not a lot older

than her maid.

Muriel Worthing gets to her feet. In her black high heels she is close to 5'10" with a full, shapely figure in her fitting dress. With that shining blonde hair piled high she is a very striking woman. 'I tell you what,' she says. 'Let me borrow her for the weekend. My own girl is going to be off anyway. If you can spare her for the weekend I can give her a little introduction. If you've never done it yourself before it *can* be difficult.' She smiles. 'I can bring her back on Monday and...well, show you the way.'

Susan is standing now as well. Her face is flushed. It is perhaps embarrassing to have to admit one does not know how to deal with a maid. *Is* it a reasonable thing for Muriel Worthing to do what she suggests? And what exactly does she propose to do to Arlene? Cane her for no reason. Or possibly for her own pleasure? But she can't really say no. It may be an entirely reasonable and indeed generous proposal. It is after all the kind of thing people tend not to talk about. She produces an urbane smile.

'Yes. If it's all right, Muriel. If it wouldn't cause you a lot of trouble.'

Muriel Worthing assures Susan that it will be no trouble at all. She will be delighted. And there could possibly be a certain gleam in those clear blue eyes which says that she will indeed be delighted. 'I can take her with me when I leave,' she says.

* * *

Arlene pulls the bath towel tight round her nude body. It is not that she is actually cold, this little bedroom that Mrs Worthing has assigned to her is pleasantly warm, but...she feels vaguely scared. An unfocussed feeling though it centres on Mrs Worthing, not that she has done anything unpleasant to Arlene since she brought her here to her house in the chauffeur-driven car half an hour ago. Mrs Worthing in the car was friendly enough, asking Arlene questions about herself, etc. And there is nothing really to be scared of, she is only helping Mrs Worthing out for the weekend and then going back to Mrs Mallamby.

It is just that there *is* something scary about Mrs Worthing. Something scary for instance about the way she patted Arlene's thigh in the car. And something scary now. In this room: Arlene's room for the weekend. Where her clothes have disappeared; have presumably been taken away.

'I should take a bath,' Mrs Worthing said as soon as they were in the house. 'Have a nice warm bath, Arlene. It will relax you.'

That in itself was odd: why should Arlene need anything to relax her? But of course she obediently had the bath. And dried herself with the big blue-and-white bath towels that Mrs Worthing told her to use. But now, back in the little room...where are her clothes? The uniform from Mrs Mallamby's that she was wearing and also her case with her





other things in. It all seems to have simply disappeared. This is the room Mrs Worthing put her in. The bed and the blue armchair and everything. She hasn't come back to the wrong room by mistake. But...

And then the door opens.

It is of course Mrs Worthing. It is not likely to be anyone else. Arlene pulls the towel more tightly round herself. There is no reason to be scared but...Mrs Worthing has changed, into a blouse and skirt, but she is still looking ultra smart. Glamorous. And scary. She smiles...but her eyes have that appraising look. Searching out perhaps what is under the tightly clutched towel.

'Did you have a nice bath, Arlene?'

'Y...Yes, Mrs Worthing. Thank you.'





A beautiful slim figure, girlish but full breasted. Arlene stands with a hand nervously over her groin.

'Stand straight.' Mrs Worthing's voice has a sharper edge. 'Hands at your sides. I said I wanted to see you.'

Both hands come reluctantly down at Arlene's sides. Something is certainly on now. But what? Mrs Worthing has come closer. There is the scent of her expensive perfume. The older woman's voice is softer. 'You are a very pretty girl, Arlene. With a lovely body. Do you have a boyfriend?'

Arlene stutters something but she is not quite sure herself what she is saying. Mrs Worthing's hand is breathtakingly fondling the pert pink-nippled tits. 'I'm sure you have.' Fondling the nipples themselves which are stiffening. 'And what about Mrs Mallamby. Does she tell you you're a pretty girl? Does she like to play with these?'

The scary feeling is fully focussed now. Arlene is shaking like a leaf. Mrs Worthing is going to do things to her. Things that Arlene's mind can only boggle at. 'Does she?' The sexy low voice continues. As the hand continues at Arlene's nipples. And then, even worse, slides down to Arlene's groin. To that bush of brown hair.

'And does she like to play with this?'

There is no answer. Arlene is gasping for breath. Blood is pounding in her ears. Mrs Worthing's fingers are unbelievably in between Arlene's legs. Mrs Worthing is saying something more but Arlene, in the state she is in, cannot take it in.

'Does she, Arlene?' Mrs Worthing's voice more insistent.

'Wh...what? Pardon?' The hand is still there, between Arlene's legs. Where, although what is happening is unthinkable awful, Arlene is wet.

'I said, dear, does Mrs Mallamby use the cane on you?'

Arlene hears it this time. It comes out of the blue, a mind-boggling contrast to what Mrs Worthing is still doing. The cane. Breathing heavily Arlene shakes her head.

'No? Oh dear. Well that can only be because Mrs Mallamby is a young lady and perhaps not too experienced with servant girls. She should know that they should be given the cane from the very beginning. Otherwise all they want to think of is their boyfriends.' Mrs Worthing's fingers dig up into Arlene. 'And this, dear. All they can think of is what they have here.'

Arlene's knees feel as if they are about to give way. Mrs Worthing's fingers and also what she has said have brought the poor girl close to collapse. She is panting, her body shaking all over. As Mrs Worthing's voice purrs on.

'So we will have to remedy that, Arlene. I am going to cane you. I am going to cane this lovely bare bottom of yours.'

Arlene's mind is in a state of complete shock. As far as she could guess Mrs Worthing was going to take her to bed, to do unthinkable things to her. But now it is not that at all — or not for the moment. Mrs Worthing is saying she is go-

But...my...'

'Your things, dear. Yes, you'll have them shortly. You don't need them right now. We need you undressed for the moment. Put the towel down, Arlene. Let me see you.'

The scary feeling is back. Redoubled. The colour flooding to Arlene's cheeks. There is something to be scared about, she is now sure of that.

'Put the towel down, Arlene. There's no need to be shy with me.'

Arlene clearly cannot refuse. She is after all only a maid, a servant. And Mrs Worthing is Mrs Mallamby's friend and moreover a frighteningly poised and self-assured woman. Whatever she wants Arlene to do she can only accept. Heart thudding, Arlene lets the towel fall away.





ing to cane her. For no reason. Except perhaps that it will amuse Mrs Worthing.

She has at last taken her hand away from between Arlene's quivering thighs. 'I have a cane in the wardrobe, Arlene. A nice whippy cane that I am sure is quite itching to get at your pretty bottom. But first of all we will give it a spanking. Just to get you warmed up for the real thing. So let's have you up in the chair, shall we.'

Mrs Worthing takes Arlene's arm and walks the trembling girl across to the armchair. She is helped up into it; kneeling in the deep seat with her face — and also those now aroused tits — towards the back. 'Stick it out,' Mrs Worthing tells Arlene. Her hand is at the girl's bottom. Fondling it. Briefly sliding down and in between the thighs to where her fingers have minutes earlier created such havoc. Arlene is shaking all over, on fire, from the ministrations of those knowing fingers. Every nerve-end is at fever pitch.

So that when the hand stops fondling. And comes cracking down...

SPLATT!...As hard as Mrs Worthing can possibly manage...

It is as if Arlene has been shot into orbit.

Her body is still reacting to this first pistol-like crack of Mrs Worthing's hand when a second one lands. And a third...

SPLATT!...**SPLATT!**...**SPLATT!**...

'Keep still, my girl!'

Words gasped out as Mrs Worthing puts every ounce of effort into each one.

Arlene can't keep still, though, there is no way she can. Her body is automatically jerking and writhing. She has no control over it, as she has no control over the frantic yelps which pop out of her desperate mouth. She is hanging onto the back of the chair like a shipwrecked man clinging to flotsam in a turbulent sea. As Mrs Worthing's hand cracks down again and again.

'How was that?' Mrs Worthing asks when she has finally, it seems, had enough. 'How does that feel? Nice and warm now?'

Arlene, gasping from the shattering assault on her bottom, gives another, sharper gasp. For Mrs Worthing's hand is in between her legs again. The fingers once more working at her.

'My, you're all wet, girl. I really think that's turned you on.'

She lets go...and gives the reddened bottom a final gratuitous *splatt!*

'Now we will see if the cane can turn you on as well.'

The cane. It is of course in a different category altogether. As soon as the first stroke zips into Arlene's bottom the spanking which had her desperately yelping and writhing is forgotten. There is simply no comparison with the stultifying pain which the whippy bamboo produces. Arlene lets out a banshee-like

howl.

'Like it, do you? Just try and keep that bottom still...'

Thwackkk!...

The second is in effect even worse. It comes on top of the already red-hot pain that is pulsating out from Arlene's shocked bottom.

Thwackkk!!!...

'Yes. This is what pretty girls need, Arlene.'

Thwackk!...

* * *

'Now get into bed, dear. A girl wants to get in between the sheets after that, I know.'

The caning is over. Mrs Worthing has helped the sobbing, gasping-for-breath Arlene down off the chair and has led her over to the bed. And has pulled back the covers. Tears are blinding Arlene's eyes and she can hardly see. She stumbles at the bed. Her bottom is criss-crossed with bright red stripes. Mrs Worthing eyes it, her face slightly pink, as her hands go to the waistband of her skirt. Unzipping it. As the shaking nude girl clambers into the bed.

Through the tears Arlene can scarcely see but she can see enough to realise that Mrs Worthing is undressing. Skirt and blouse. Slip. And all the rest. Her pale statuesque body is nude. She is unpinning that shining blonde hair. And now she is climbing in with Arlene, in the narrow bed. It is narrow but that is not a problem for Muriel Worthing. She climbs on top of the shivering girl. Her ripe body is hot and eager. Her mouth on the girl's mouth is hungry, ravenous.







NEVER NEVER

'We seem to be managing OK.'

Joanne said Yes. She and Mike shared a flat, jointly sharing the costs. Mike paid the mortgage and Joanne took care of the other bills. They weren't married and had no immediate plans in that direction. They might consider it in a year or so but right now they were both only 19. Not being married meant less tax and things seemed to work out all right. Of course you could get a bit tight financially at times. Especially Joanne who as a shorthand-typist didn't earn a great deal. She had had one or two problems with her side of the deal: the gasman having to wait once or twice for his cheque and the same with the electricity bill. And then there was the TV rental. Joanne could get away with a certain amount of this because she was female and attractive. Fluttering the long lashes of those big blue eyes as she explained her predicament. And sticking out her good-sized tits at the same time. That sort of thing was usually good for getting a month's grace with a payment and it was usually only a little matter of cash flow and not having the money at the appointed time. The TV, though, that was slightly different. Mike didn't know about the gas and the electricity but there wasn't really a lot to know anyway. He certainly didn't know about the TV and Joanne would have to admit there was a bit more to know there. The fact that she hadn't paid for three months now. Sometimes Joanne would get a sudden hot scary feeling when she thought about it. The man who came round, Mr Milvern — Bob Milvern as he told Joanne to call him — said it was OK, he had written it off. Joanne didn't have to pay those back payments.

That was what he said. In exchange for certain favours. Nothing that really amounted to anything; all Joanne did was sit on his lap when he came round, and let his hand go up her

skirt. That wasn't all Mr Milvern wanted of course: he wanted to fuck her. But he hadn't tried to insist. Not so far at least. What Joanne would do if Mr Milvern did try and insist she didn't know. She didn't think he would, he seemed more or less content to have her sit on his lap and play about with his hand up under her skirt, he didn't really try and force the other although he sometimes kept on about it.

The thing that made Joanne go all hot and cold was the thought that one day Mr Milvern might come round and say she had to pay those back





payments. They weren't written off at all and she had to pay up. There was no way she could pay up, the money was gone. Indeed she would have great difficulty in finding one month's payment now she had got used to having that money. But Mr Milvern wasn't going to do that. He was writing the payments off, presumably fiddling the books in some way. And as long as she continued sitting on his lap and letting him play about as he liked, there wasn't going to be any problem. He wasn't going to insist on fucking her and so she wasn't going to be feeling desperately awful with Mike about that. Joanne felt somewhat awful at times regarding what already happened; but it was nothing really. Mostly she didn't think about it.

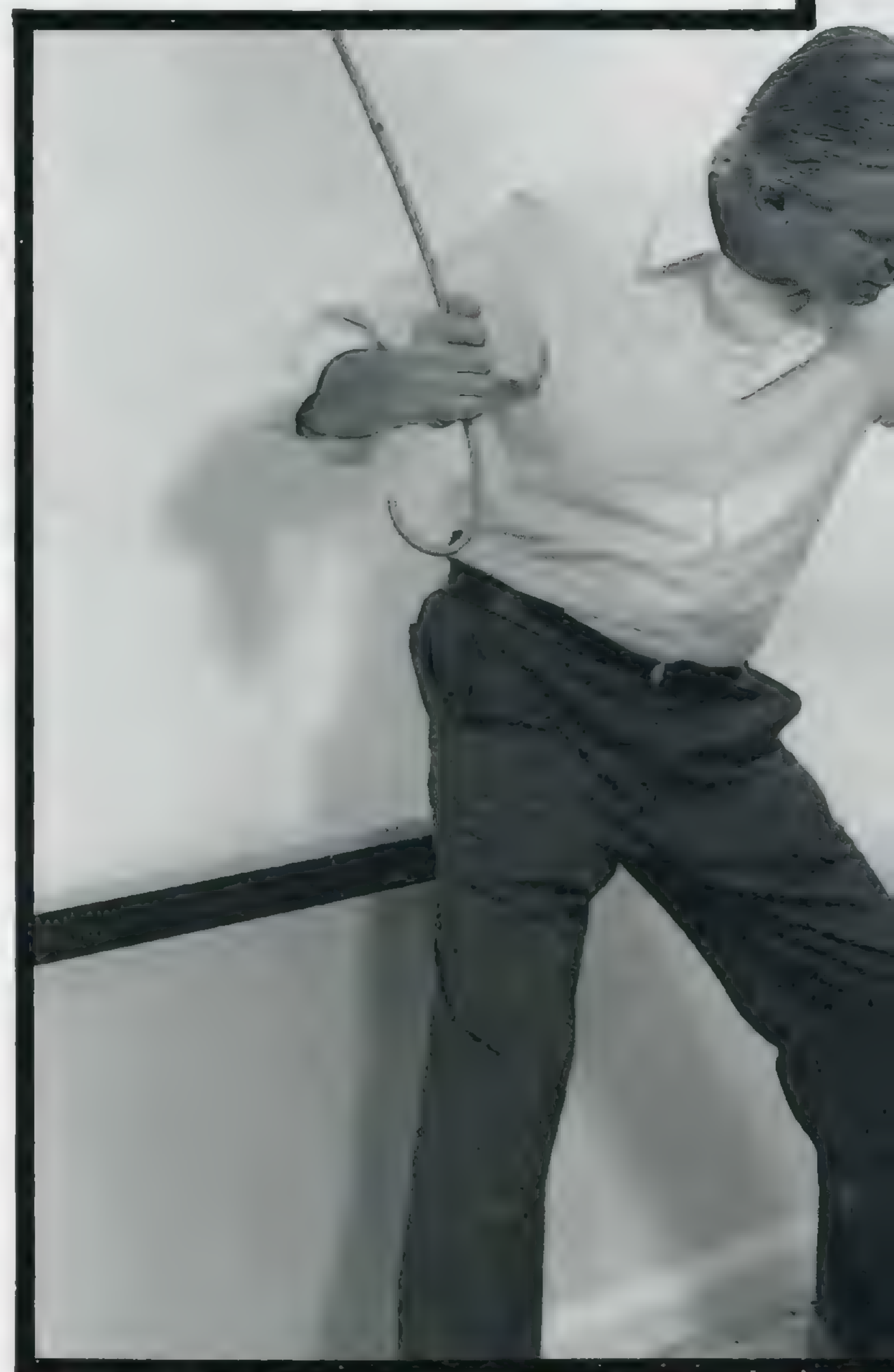
Yes, they were managing OK. No problems. Not real ones anyway. Perhaps she and Mike would get married in, say, a couple of years.

* * *

'What's happening here? These figures?'

Bob Milvern's heart gave a very nasty jump. He thought for the moment he might be having a coronary attack. It was the question he had been dreading. His boss Mr Vanetta was indicating figures in a print-out. He knew what the figures were without looking because he hadn't been messing about with a lot of them. Only Number 48 Kingsbury Gardens. That young Joanne Simford. With those jouncy tits and what she had up between her legs that she didn't mind him getting his hand on. She had just about got to the stage when she would agree to the whole thing: a nice hot fuck. But all the time...there had been this heart-stopping thought...

He had tried to lose the figures — the fact that she hadn't paid for three months now — but the way the accounts were done there was no fool-proof way of doing it. If someone really looked at them. That someone being Mr Tony Vanetta. he didn't



want to look at what Mr Vanetta was pointing to but forced his eyes into focus.

'Uh...what? What's that?'

There was nothing he could do: he was caught dead to rights as they say. The only option was to plead.

'I was going to pay it in, Mr Vanetta. Honest. It's just...this customer has been in a bit of difficulty.

Financially.'

Mr Vanetta, eyes hot and angry, dragged it out of him. The fact that the customer was 19 and female and a dishy young piece.

'So it's that old story, is it? Fucking the arse off her I suppose.'

'No!' A tone of righteous indignation. Bob Milvern wished fervently that he was but he wasn't. He was sure she was hot for it but nonetheless she hadn't quite come round, not yet. Presumably she was keeping it all for that bloke she shared with. He didn't say any of this of course. Just 'No, certainly not!'

Mr Vanetta looked again at the figures and then at his employee.

'Nice, is she?'

There was no point denying that fact. Yes she was.

'But you're not fucking her? Groping her then. Getting your hot hands all over her?'

There was not a lot of point denying that either.

'And she goes for that, does she?'

Yes she did. You could tell. She might pretend she didn't but she did.





Otherwise for one thing why did she wear those loose-legged French knickers when he visited. Knickers that you could get your hand right up inside, with two or three fingers inside her. Bob Milvern didn't say this either though. He merely shrugged his shoulders. At least Mr Vanetta was calming down a bit.

'Maybe that little bitch needs another visit. From the boss. I think I know just what she needs.'

Bob Milvern blinked. He hadn't expected this, but perhaps he should have. Mr Vanetta liked girls, he knew that. He could just step in. She would have no choice but to give him what he wanted. A fuck. Presumably. He felt a little pang of anguish at the thought of Mr Vanetta fucking her, especially when he hadn't done so himself. But Bob Milvern was hardly in a position to be concerned about niceties. He was highly fortunate that Mr Vanetta wasn't talking about giving him the sack. He'd presumably have to find the money of course. That was down to him. So Mr Vanetta would get the money *and* have that dishy Joanne served up on a plate. It was all right for some.

'What's the set-up?'

Unhappily he gave details. Thursday she only worked the half day. Thursday afternoon was the time to visit, when the bloke she lived with, her fiance, was out at work. Reluctantly he produced the phone number.

* * *

Something made her shiver as soon as she picked up the phone. The voice said, 'Hello, is this Miss Simford?' It was an ordinary man's voice but something, a premonition, sent a cold shiver down her spine.

'It's the Xtra Rental Agency. Mr Vanetta, Branch Manager, speaking. I was wondering if you could come in to the office sometime, Miss Simford. To discuss your account. Or alternatively I could come round to your address.'

Yes. Joanne was all at once sweating. It had happened. It had been found out. 'No!' she blurted. 'I mean yes I will come...whenever...' She heard herself agreeing to go to the shop tomorrow. After work.

What could he do? Take her to court. Fraud. A jail sentence — or a fine that she couldn't possibly pay and then the alternative would be jail anyway. I'm going to be sick, she told herself. That was exactly how Joanne was feeling the next day, at

half past five, walking to the shop. What was this Mr Vanetta going to do? There was no way she could pay the money. She hadn't of course said anything to Mike — but then he was pretty soon going to find out if she was up before the court. Oh God... 'Ah Miss Simford. We'll go into the office.'

He was the same sort of age as Mr Milvern. Late forties? Bald on top. Eyes that bored into her. Oh God. Maybe she was going to faint, not be sick.

'Sit down, Miss Simford. Now then. Your account. It would appear...' Where was Mr Milver? Who had written it off. Or so he said. But there was no point saying that to this Mr Vanetta who was the manager, Mr Milvern's boss. She hadn't paid, that was the inescapable fact. And she couldn't.

'I'm sorry...I...haven't got it.' If she wasn't going to faint Joanne was at least going to burst into tears.

'If this goes to court, Miss Simford, there'll be a heavy fine. And so there should be. You young people nowadays think you can do whatever you like. This sort of thing is theft. Fraud.'

There *were* tears. Joanne wiped at her eyes.

'Or a bloody good caning, Miss Sim-





ford. The cane across your bottom.' The tears were still there in spite of wiping. Two had begun to trickle down Joanne's cheek. 'Did you hear what I said. Miss Simford? A caning. I suppose *I might* be persuaded not to take this any further — if you agreed to accept that instead. A bloody good caning.'

* * *

Thursday afternoon. It was Thursday afternoon when Mr Milvern always came. Not every Thursday but quite a lot of them. To make her sit on his lap and then mess about up under her skirt, with Joanne squirming and yelping a bit but not exactly desperately disturbed. This afternoon it was not going to be Mr Milvern, though. It would be Mr Vanetta. With — *a cane!* He was going to cane her. Her bare bottom Mr Vanetta said.

Joanne is in her dressing gown. Under it is what Mr Vanetta gave her to put on: a very brief top, like a little vest, and a pair of almost non-existent bikini pants. The dressing gown will have to come off when Mr





Vanetta arrives because he said he wanted her in just those other things. Joanne has put the dressing gown on in case someone should come. Now. Someone other than Mr Vanetta. Mike perhaps? A sweat-producing thought. What if for some reason he came back early? Not that he ever has, not on any of those afternoons when she was sitting on Mr Milvern's lap. But...it is a thought almost as bad as the thought of the cane. He won't really cane her. Will he? Mr Vanetta might merely have been trying to scare her. Telling her exactly what he was going to do like that. He wanted her in just the little top

and the bikini pants. And then he was going to bend her over the TV set and take the pants down. To her ankles. Then he was going to really cane the living daylights out of her. With her bare bottom stuck out over the TV set. That was what he said, his eyes hot on her, in the shop. And when he had had enough like that with her knickers down round her ankles he was going to take them off completely. And make her open her legs as wide as she could. And anything else...he wanted to really teach her a lesson, Mr Vanetta said. One that she wouldn't want to forget in a hurry.

He couldn't really do those things, she desperately told herself. He was trying to scare her. And succeeding. Please God...Perhaps he really wanted...what Mr Milvern wanted. Well if he did...she wouldn't mind agreeing to that. It wouldn't be as bad as what he had said. The caning...Anything would be better. The door bell rang... Joanne had to go and open it. Take her dressing gown off and go and open it. Her eyes darted frantically round the room. The TV set in the corner. And outside the door. Mr Vanetta. Carrying under his arm, or under his coat...



A Reader's

Dear Sir,
You have just reached a new peak with New Supplement 23, restoring the standards that were being achieved a couple of years ago. Like most of your readers I love Institutional stories, with girls in uniform being disciplined severely rather than the wishy washy wild fantasy domestic spanking scenes that have dominated your publications for the last couple of years. The best you did a long time ago with the story of the girl who was given a severe 18 stroke caning, in error, for having drugs.

The latest Supplement at last gets back to reality in using a whipping frame for Bryony and the Institutional whipping horse for Sharon. No girl could withstand severe Institutional thrashings, meant to really hurt, without being properly positioned across a suitable support. Tables, desks, stools and the backs of chairs are all very well and have been used regularly over the ages, but true Institutional beatings require a proper whipping horse. Your best editions from way back were the ones in which you featured the two girls in thin cotton shorts being severely caned across the wooden whipping horse and doused with water at intervals. You feature one flashback to this story with the photo on pages 2 and 3 of this latest Supplement 23. Then there was the young cadet from the YTC who had failed to respond to an 18 stroke caning and was sent to the special centre for extra discipline, culminating in more canings across the horse. Another story which merits a sequel.

The story of Bryony is terrific and the use of the swing frame to replace the traditional Russian whipping frame is most inventive. Please let us have more stories of Bryony, especially with her in those 1950 style knickers.

Sharon and her punishments across the wooden whipping horse are the best you have ever done. An attractive girl with a lovely body, beautiful breasts and an enticing curved bottom. We could even see the cane weals when she lowered her shorts and the various positions over the whipping horse were imaginative. The only thing which spoiled it was

Preference

the pathetic little birch used at the end of the story. If you go back to when the birch was used for judicial punishment in Britain until just after the war, there were three grades of birch specified by length, weight and spread. The heavy birch, used on all adults over 18 is the one you should try to produce for your next stories. This was 48" long, made from six to eight birch stems, each like a thin cane about 5 to 10mm in diameter. They were freshly cut for each punishment and a green budded rod cut in the spring was the most effective, especially after a long soaking in brine to keep it supple. Punishment with the heavy birch, always inflicted on the naked buttocks, is severe, each stroke covering almost the entire buttock area with great attention given to ensuring that the swishy ends of the rods strike the edge of the buttocks.

The cane and leather tawse are still excellent instruments and have the advantage that they can be used effectively over thin cotton or nylon knickers or shorts if regulations say that a girl must be punished over clothed buttocks. There are, of course, ingenious ways of getting round this regulation like making special punishment-wear by cutting the seat of shorts or knickers so that the buttocks are left bare when the girl bends over the horse. The thin strip of fabric left between the legs usually rides up into the crack of her pussy when her legs are spread. Also please spread-eagle the girl along the horse from the end, so that her body lies along the top with her legs astride, feet touching the feet of the end triangle. A good position to stretch the buttocks ready for punishment. The position with the girl on her back, legs in the air, is fabulous, but it must be very difficult to maintain along the top of the whipping horse during punishment.

Please keep up the series, with some more Institutional stories. Pale blue is a favourite for punishment knickers, and make them do P.E. in just knickers and thin singlets which can then be removed for punishments.

Yours faithfully,

J.W.S., Middx.





• Dear Sir,
 • ...Could you please explain
 • the enigmatic title, 'Join the
 • Dots' which often appears in
 • your magazine? ...
 • P.W., Crawley

• No.

• JOIN
 • THE
 • DOTS











GERMAN DISCIPLINE

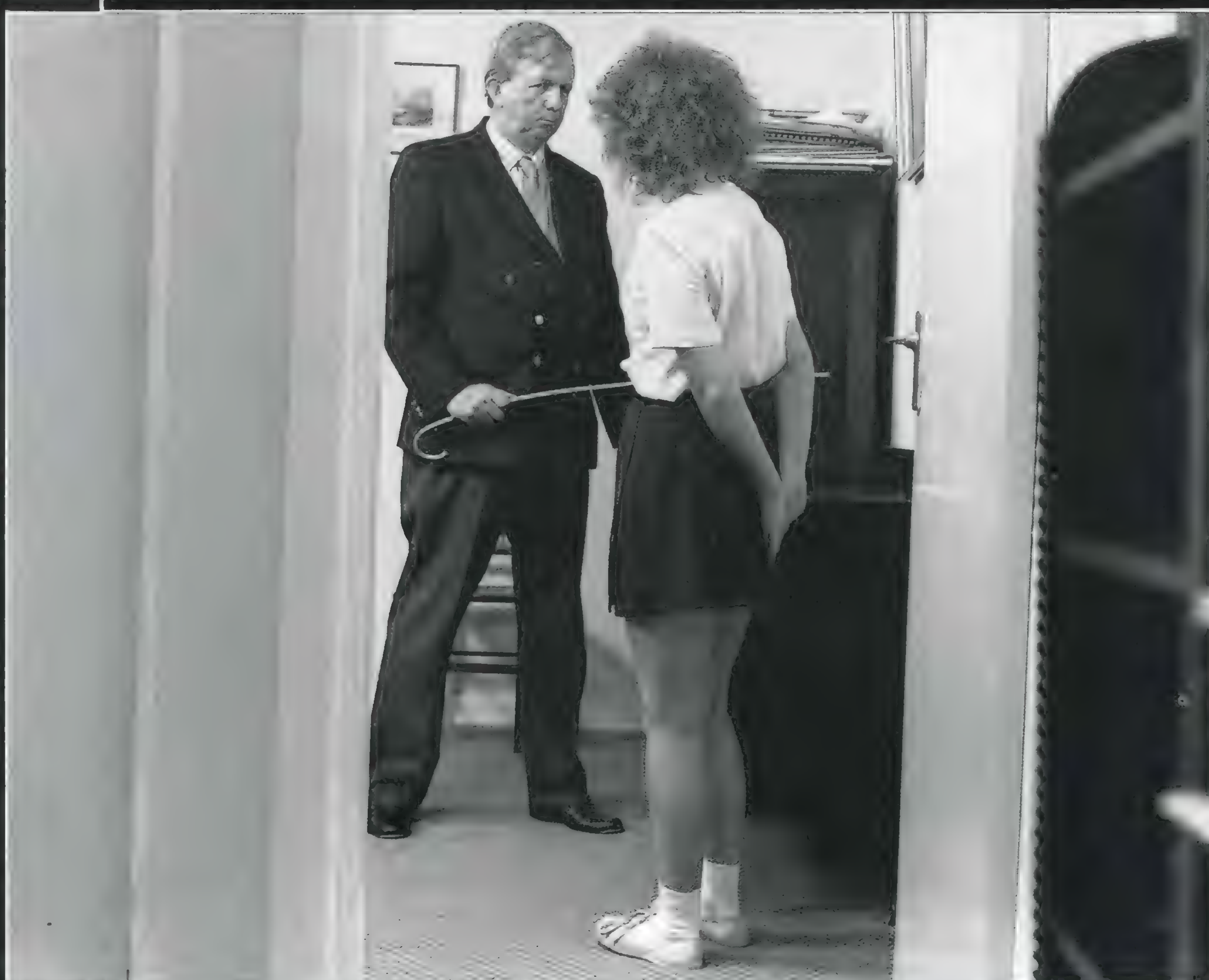




‘Are you fit, Miss Brayfield? I wonder. Our German girls keep their bodies fit but I have the idea English girls are more slothful. Am I correct perhaps?’

Dr Leibnitz spoke good English though with an obviqus accent. He was Head of the Social History Department, a large man of perhaps fifty. He did not look particularly fit himself — his considerable waistline was usually conceal-

ed in a double-breasted jacket — but Penny was not likely to make this point. He was her tutor and at a German university a tutor was a very important person; perhaps even more so for a foreign student on a short exchange. If her tutor wasn't happy with her conduct she could simply be sent home, and without any questions. German universities it seemed were much more authoritarian than English ones.





'Uh...I'm reasonably fit,' was Penny's answer. The question had come out of the blue but it was perhaps sensible to be cautious. In the one week she had been here Dr Leibnitz had shown he could sometimes be querulous and quirky. She was here in his room to collect her essay. What had being fit to do with that?

'Not exactly first rate.' Dr Leibnitz was now referring to her work. 'I cannot give it a good mark. Miss Brayfield. And that is why I ask if you are fit. If a girl is not fit it can affect the supply of blood to the brain. So that she is not alert.' Dr Leibnitz tapped her papers.







'This work I should say is not of an alert mind.'

Penny shuffled her feet. She was standing at the side of his desk. He hadn't invited her to sit down in a civilised manner as would have happened back in England. No, she had to stand, to emphasise her subservient position. What Dr Leibnitz said was ridiculous — but she wasn't going to say that, as she wasn't going to tell him he was a flabby old so-and-so.

'Perhaps we should do something then, Miss Brayfield. About the fitness. Turn round. Let me see your backside.'

A quick flush came to her cheeks — with the urge to say 'Get lost!' and stomp out. But Penny did neither. Instead after a moment's hesitation she turned.

'Good. And lift your skirt.'

No. She couldn't believe it. 'I...' she began.

'Lift your skirt, Miss. At once! I think what we hear and also see on TV is right. You English young persons have no discipline. Do what I tell you or you will

certainly regret it.'

There was not much she could do she decided after a moment's reflection. Still not able to believe this, Penny lifted her full dark skirt. As bad luck would have it she was wearing nylon stockings and a suspender belt. Somehow that made it a lot worse than if it had been tights because stockings and a suspender belt *were* more sexy and the last thing you wanted was to be forced to show them to Dr Leibnitz. And show her knickers too, brief semi-transparent pink nylon ones, because Dr Leibnitz made her lift the skirt right up, round her waist. The thought of those fishy eyes just a foot or so away from all this made her feel awful. And then ten times worse: *his hand*. Suddenly there at her bottom. Fingers pinching a handful of tightly-knickered cheek. Penny's breath hissed out in a shocked gasp.

'As I thought, Miss. It is fat. Too much eating I expect. Too much sitting down without exercise. And I suspect also too much sex.' The fingers took a





fresh pinch. 'Too much of the fucking, Miss Brayfield. Too much of that can make a girl heavy and lethargic.'

Penny was speechless. Behind her Dr Leibnitz was standing up. All at once in close, with both hands on her bottom. His face close to her ear.

'Are you indulging in too much fucking, Miss?'

She squealed out 'No!' It was quite outrageous what Dr Leibnitz was doing and saying. Outrageous that he was holding her half-bare bottom in his two hands. And saying...her blood was pounding in her ears. Penny was very close to tears.

Dr Leibnitz let go and came round in front. His hand hefted her breasts. They were firm and shapely but he repeated,

'Not fit, Miss.' He jiggled one. 'So we must see, Miss, what we can do to get you fit.'

His face came close to Penny's. 'And if you cannot accept that, Miss Brayfield, I shall send you home with a report that you are unfortunately unacceptable. Not working properly and also behaving in an undisciplined and immoral manner. Do you understand, Miss?'

Penny didn't answer. What could she say? Dr Leibnitz had taken hold of both her boobs. His hands were painfully squeezing them through her thin blouse.

* * *

'Good, Miss Brayfield. Yes. Penny is back in his office only this





time dressed differently. A white short-sleeved sports shirt and a very brief pleated navy skirt. Her legs are bare, her feet in ankle socks and gym shoes. On instruction she has obtained these items from the Sports Department. It is a Saturday and the place is deserted — except for Dr Leibnitz waiting for her. Coming here she has worn a light coat on top, not wanting to be seen dressed like this by anyone she knew — or indeed anyone at all. Penny has never done any sports and feels ridiculous. But even more she feels fear of what Dr Leibnitz might have in store.

She has knocked and entered, and closed the door behind her. Penny's eyes have a frantic look. For there is immediately good reason to feel fear. There. On the top of the bureau at the side, where she cannot fail to see it. A cane.

Dr Leibnitz can of course see the direction of her frightened glance. He goes to pick it up; whips it menacingly through the air; then replaces it.

'Yes, Miss Brayfield. We may need to use this instrument. It is excellent for persuading a girl to greater efforts. Have you had it before? The cane across your

bare backside?'

Penny's face has gone pale. Dr Leibnitz *can't* cane her. She shakes her head.

Dr Leibnitz's eyes run over her. 'Or even, Miss, up between the legs. One or two strokes in that region can rapidly make a girl jump to it, as you say.'

Penny can feel sweat prickling her skin. He *can't possibly* do that. Dr Leibnitz is trying to frighten her. And succeeding admirably.

'But let me see what you can do first, Miss Brayfield. It could possibly be that I do not need to resort to the cane. I doubt it very much but let us begin. Running first. Stationary running. With the knees as high as you can get them. Start now, Miss Brayfield.'

Penny hesitates for just a second but that is long enough for Dr Leibnitz to make a move towards the cane. She begins running on the spot, as best she can. But Penny is unfortunately not used to such exercise. Dr Leibnitz has picked up his cane and almost immediately he whips it in across one bare calf.

'Get the knees *much higher*. That is like an old grandmother.'

The cane has left a burning sting in Penny's leg. She makes a desperate at-







tempt to get her knees higher but it is virtually impossible. Limbs without regular exercise do not have that elasticity. The cane whips in again. Harder this time. 'I can't!' she squeals.

'Stop!' Dr Leibnitz barks. Penny stops. She is gasping, her chest heaving, almost collapsing although she has only been running for a few minutes.

'Absolutely inadequate.' Dr Leibnitz's eyes have a bulgy look. With annoyance perhaps or it could be excitement, at what he is now going to do. 'We clearly must use the cane, Miss Brayfield. That will put some resolve into you.'

'You...can't cane me...' The words gasp out. Penny is in some sort of nightmare. A nightmare in which she knows he is going to cane her.

Dr Leibnitz's eyes are bulging even larger. 'Do not show dissent, Miss. If you are awkward I can call up Dr Shrantz, and Herr Mueller. They will hold you down. Spread your legs open for the cane. If you do not wish that please lower your knickers *immediately*.'

It is a nightmare. Penny with a despairing look slides her hands up under the short skirt. The knickers underneath are extremely brief white nylon ones. They come in fact from Dr Leibnitz himself, to wear with the other things she had to collect from the Sports Department. They are now reluctantly slipped down.

'Take them down to your knees, Miss Brayfield. And then lift the skirt up. High up round your waist.'

Penny has no alternative but to do it. She may not be very fit, as her performance thus far has painfully demonstrated, but she is certainly not fat. Pleasingly rounded one would say. And it is pleasingly rounded bare flesh that she is now forced to display to Dr Leibnitz. Thighs. The twin ripe cheeks of her bottom. The concave curve of her belly at the base of which is a springy bush of dark curls. Dr Leibnitz's staring eyes drink all this in as the English girl stands hot-faced before him. He licks his lips. And then gives the order to bend over the bureau.

We may surmise that Dr Leibnitz loves using that cane. A fervent and heady pleasure. And this English girl is the perfect subject of that pleasure. A pretty girl a long way from home, somewhat lost in her new environment. A pretty, innocent-faced girl with this lovely, ripe, feminine body which his mind has pictured under her clothes ever since he first set eyes on her. Ever since he first saw her he has pictured this: the ripe bottom offered up before him. And his cane. Slicing down through the air.

THWATT!... THWACKKK!!!

Penny is writhing, gasping, yelping, twisting her legs, desperately clenching the cheeks of her stricken bottom. Dr Leibnitz, once started, is not at all keen to stop. Penny is in a nightmare all right.

When finally he does stop and tells Penny to stand she does not think she





can. Her legs will buckle underneath her. Dr Leibnitz is red faced. He has stopped but he has not finished. The pale eyes are really bulging now. Penny is told to take her knickers completely off. And kneel down.

Kneel on the carpet. On hands and knees. Her legs, now unencumbered by the knickers, spread wide. Penny with her caned bottom humming seems only partly aware of what is happening. It is almost as if it is happening to someone else. Except for that red-hot pain of course. But she has done as ordered. Is on hands and knees, her head down, her knees spread wide. And Dr Leibnitz is standing astride her. Facing her bottom. He is saying something. And then...

The cane. It has come stingingly down...She crumples up.

The pain is impossible. Dr Leibnitz is hauling her back up again. 'Get up, Miss Brayfield. One is not enough. We must have one more. Or perhaps two. You must properly feel the pain and one is not sufficient.'

There are two more, not one. Exactly like the first. Each time Penny collapses onto her face on the carpet but Dr Leibnitz hauls her up again. After the second

one — the third altogether — he tells her to stand. Penny indicates that she cannot stand. Dr Leibnitz bends and hisses in her ear that if she does not stand *instantly* she will get ten more like the three she has just had. Penny discovers that, somehow, she can get to her feet after all.

'How does that feel, Miss Brayfield? That gets a girl wide awake, so I am told. Gets her blood moving nicely. Am I right?'

Penny cannot speak. If she opens her mouth she will certainly be sobbing.

Dr Leibnitz tells her she is now to do some exercises. Bending and stretching. Penny is to stand with her legs wide apart. And to ensure compliance there is that cane. That *unbelievable* cane.

'Get them *wide apart*, Miss. Unless you want the cane up between your legs again.'

The cane comes out. Between her parted legs. It taps upwards, where Penny's legs join. Not hard, but enough to bring a tremulous gasp.

'Wider, Miss Brayfield. Come on please. What you have had so far is nothing. We are only just starting.'



LETTERS

Dear Blushes,
I have just bought 'Blushes 35'. Having opened it page three hit me! Not many of even your superb magazines has had that reaction so early in its content.

Where did you get Caroline? She full frontal is the ultimate. Not only a superb body but marvellously posed (so far) for Join the Dots. That old wash stand with its towel racks at the ends is perfect for added restraint. But what a figure and full pussy.

Later on the Cecily and Tania sequences are amongst some of your best ever. Not perhaps quite your best ever issue but thanks to Caroline definately in the top six. Its a pity CP mags are not awarded Oscars in a festival such as films have every year because not only do you and all your staff and models deserve an award, but in my opinion since you started publishing Blushes you would have swept the board every year.

The funny thing is that even in straight forward poses such as one might call Caroline's on page 3 of mag 35, you murder even the so called straight girls mags. I've bought most of the rubbish in the past. (Not any more mind!) Open legs shots, big tit shots, even bum shots (not in the right position though). None of these nude girly mags who are supposed to specialise can hold a candle in sex arousal for men to a simple shot in yours like Caroline on page three.

But then its the arms position that does it isn't it?

Well I've praised you and you deserve it. Now I'll point out what disappoints me. I know you have to be fairly careful as to where you should draw the line and how far you can chance it. There is a general hue and cry from do-gooders these days. Usually their nosey parker efforts have the reverse effect. You do do a good job, without making it too obvious to the sexless morons. So this is not really criticism but rather I'm pointing out things that would turn us out here on even more.

That lovely page 3 was great, but a from the back shot in addition would be nice and its difficult to get her feet in the picture (legs apart we hope); well another smaller shot again in addition but not as small as you have done. And while we like the bloke

in attendance we also like him out of shots like page 3. Yet he's OK in the page 62 and 63 shots. But here is the 'rub' as Will said.

That 62-63 shot would have been perfect without the bed in the way and worse still, there's a damn great crease up her middle (almost). So its not only spoilt the picture but no good for cut out for our scrap-book. Please don't print on two pages at once unless its a centre spread. Please turn the same girl round and bent forward, towards the same washstand and in future issues with the arms spread and the hands at the ends of the stand (lovely). Perhaps its just that when the models are wide open you leave yourselves 'wide open' is it?

I have been a little disappointed with your last two Supplement and Uniform Girls but this Issue 35 makes up for them. I always spread the word around as to how good Blushes is. The copies seem to go pretty quick in Cardiff mind. There is only one shop I can find selling them however. You deserve to sell a million and I hope sales are good because if you ever went out of circulation — well its too awful to contemplate.

Incidentally, I don't write regularly to see myself in print but because I want to help your mag in a small way with suggestions etc. that may increase your circulation and because my friends and I are really grateful for the marvellous service you give to society on at least a large section I hope.

Best wishes to all.

B Young and Friends.

To the Editor of Blushes

(Enclosure: four slides taken by and property of author — full permission is granted for their reproduction).

A TALE OF TWO BOTTOMS

Once upon a time there were two bottoms, sexy-bottom and big-bottom. Both were girl-bottoms and they lived within camera range of a Blushes reader, who had found recent correspondence concerning 'adoptions' highly stimulating.

One day the sun shone brightly and warmly. Sexy-bottom decided she

would sunbathe in her secluded garden. She put on her tiniest white bikini and stretched out on a blanket. Unfortunately the garden wasn't quite as secluded as she had thought. By rearranging the furniture and wedging back the curtains the Blushes reader was able to position himself in such a way as to obtain a restricted viewing angle.

The sun shone down on sexy-bottom's golden thighs as she lay on her back. The tight pouch of the lower half of her bikini became the focus of the Blushes reader's eyes.

Shortly, sexy-bottom decided to turn over. Stealthily the Blushes reader withdrew from the window. He fetched his camera, fitted the zoom lens and took up position again. The long lens pointed with phallic menace at the sun-warmed bum. The camera was primed. Sexy-bottom's sexy bottom was captured on film.

This is what the Blushes reader would like to do to sexy-bottom. She's a tall blonde, perfectly proportioned, friendly and out-going but with a slightly prim nature. How delicious it would be to have her available in that tiny bikini, to perform every unpleasant, menial task that the Blushes reader could devise.

Imagine her on all fours scrubbing a filthy cellar floor with a nail brush. The trim, taut bottom gradually emerges as the bikini bottom creeps up as a result of her exertions. And they must be vigorous exertions, for whenever she shows the slightest sign of easing off the Blushes reader brings his size 11 gym-shoe thwacking down on exposed bum-flesh. Scarlet imprints decorate her smooth nates and thighs, and so many tears dribble onto the grimy flagstones that she hardly needs to dip the brush in the soapy water any more.

Even after two hours of this treatment little impression has been made on the dirt-encrusted floor. The Blushes reader has temporarily left, but now he returns, carrying the large floor-scrubbing brush that is really needed for such a tough job. Has he taken pity on sexy-bottom?

Not a bit of it. Kneeling beside the snivelling young lady he roughly takes hold of her long blonde hair, at present loosely tied back. To her sudden surprised he plunges her pretty face into the dark, filthy water. Four seconds later he pulls her head out. She splutters, gasps, chokes, water pours off her — dirt is in her nose, dirt in her mouth,



soap in her eyes — then he splashes her face back into the foul bucket.

After five or six such immersions he tires of this game and simply tips the soiled water over her head. Leaving her on all fours with the bucket over her head he abruptly plunges his hand into the waist-elastic and strips down the bikini pants.

Sexy-bottom's reddened backside is bared. The Blushes reader grabs the scrubbing brush and immediately drives the stiff bristles against the naked cheeks. Hard, fierce brushing has her howling in seconds. Sideways scrubbing wrenches her bottom apart, exposing every intimate secret.

When the bottom is literally glowing and sexy-bottom has collapsed on the floor in paroxysms of distress, the Blushes reader tosses aside the brush. Calmly he begins to unfasten his trousers.

She, and you, can probably imagine what comes next. Look at her bottom in the enclosed photos. Imagine



spanking it. Imagine taking up position between those long mellow thighs, pushing aside the bikini crotch and sinking into her.

Now to big-bottom. This is her story. Less keen on sunbathing, big-bottom was a conscientious gardener. On the afternoon in question she had been weeding, and had been wearing red shorts which gave the Blushes reader a quite scandalous eyeful of bulging arse above and below. So enraptured was he, and so engrossed, that he neglected to fetch his camera until the evening shadows had fallen, the temperature had dropped, and big-bottom had changed into jeans.

This time circumstances prevented him from taking steady aim, and in the failing light the resultant pictures were a little blurred as befits stolen glances.

The jeans can be seen attempting to contain a plump and wobby arse that is made for stringent discipline — this girl has nothing of the shapely elegance of sexy-bottom, but she has the sort of curvy attributes that make you long to get to work on her.

In this case the Blushes reader would require the maximum physical effort from the overweight dolly. Her day would be one long round of treadmills, exercise bicycles, PE, cross-country, aerobics, stone breaking, carrying heavy bags of cement, etc, with frequent short breaks in which she would be made to eat masses of doughnuts; the Blushes reader doesn't actually want her to become slim and fit, he just wants to see her struggling to achieve that object.

All the time he will be in attendance, helping her to maintain concentration by whipping a three-foot cane across her wobbling bum. Big-bottom will wear just a short tee-shirt for these activities, leaving her tits unsupported and her chubby rump unprotected.

As the days pass the weals amass on her heavy, fat cheeks as they are caned at frequent intervals.

During doughnut-breaks big-bottom will be required to sit on coconut matting. When the Blushes reader feels so inclined he will make her squirm her poor bum-cheeks against the prickly matting and aggravate the incredible soreness.

Since big-bottom is so fond of gardening she can perform various

tasks around the Blushes reader's herbacious borders. A common sight through the french windows, as the reader takes tea with his friends, is the shimmering bareness of big-bottom as she pulls out weeds with her teeth. The rain washes down across her punished buttocks.

The enclosed photographs are genuine 'voyeuristic' snaps of unknown girls well-known to me. They were taken at some risk, so I hope you will forgive the technical shortcomings. It would give me great pleasure to have complete mastery over both these bottoms, to isolate the girls from every form of comfort and to make their lives a constant round of humiliation and punishment.

I trust you will find them suitable for reproduction and that these photos will inspire similar candid shots from other readers. Your magazine is doing what we have waited a long time for — treating pretty girls with the hostility they deserve.

A Blushes Reader

Dear Blushes,
Congratulations! At last! After a period in the doldrums your publications have recently showed signs of returning to their imaginative, stimulating and daring issues of the past.

The first signs were in Blushes 34, with its nicely-written 'Join the Dots' and beautifully photographed model. The positioning of the girl in front of the radiator, though not mentioned in the text, was a nice touch. Also in that issue was 'Art for Art's Sake', again nicely written, with severity hinted at and humiliation to the forefront. The story is a model of what writing in your magazines should be like: plenty of space devoted to the punishment and humiliation side of the story and less space devoted to long-winded and unlikely explanations as to how the victim has come to be in her predicament. (The single illustration was very nice too!).

Next came Supplement 22: not quite so successful but some nice ideas. The text to 'An English Rose' didn't really live up to the interesting pictures. However the Comrade Verushka story was more daring than your recent slightly pedestrian efforts: again the severity of the punishment was *implied* rather than described but this can be just as stimulating. I liked particularly the

picture on page 14 with poor Verushka being forced to do a handstand, her vest falling down to reveal her naked breasts over which a cane hovered menacingly.

Then came Uniform Girls 20! A brilliant issue, particularly the three stories 'Harsh Reality', 'The Punishment Fits the Crime' and 'Harsh Discipline' about the misfortunes of Jennifer portrayed by your charming model. These were really delightful. Again the emphasis was on humiliation and the pictures with 'Punishment Fits the Crime' Beautiful! The braces disappearing between Jenny's legs and emerging from her buttock cleft was highly alluring, and the cutting away of her tee-shirt to reveal those pretty tits peeking through was perfect. Reminiscent of your famous story in Whispers, of course, and to my delight on the front and back inside covers you reprinted some pictures of that story and the most beautiful pair of tits to appear in your mags. What I would like to do to them!

Next came Blushes 35. Could the trend continue? Yes indeed! One of your most mouth-watering issues to date. Again it was in the four-part story 'The Taming of Tania' that came up trumps. No space is wasted on explanations: it is full of humiliation and punishment, expertly written. Several of its themes have been suggested by readers in recent issues such as the use of the hot-water bottle and the taunting of the girl about the inadequacies of her breasts (though personally I thought they were quite delightful!) This was certainly the best series of stories you have produced for quite some time if not ever.

Could I suggest the following for a story? A girl is stripped and obliged to take a cold shower or is hosed down perhaps with a high-pressure hose. Instead of being dried in the conventional way with a towel why not use a hair dryer? My machine has 2 settings: 600w and 1200w. I have carried out some tests and on the lower setting at a distance of a few inches some moderate discomfort can be caused but turned on high the effect is more startling, and if used in short bursts would have a similar purpose as the hot water bottle in your story. The hot air could be directed over buttocks, thighs, breasts and perhaps other sensitive areas!

Keep up the good work.

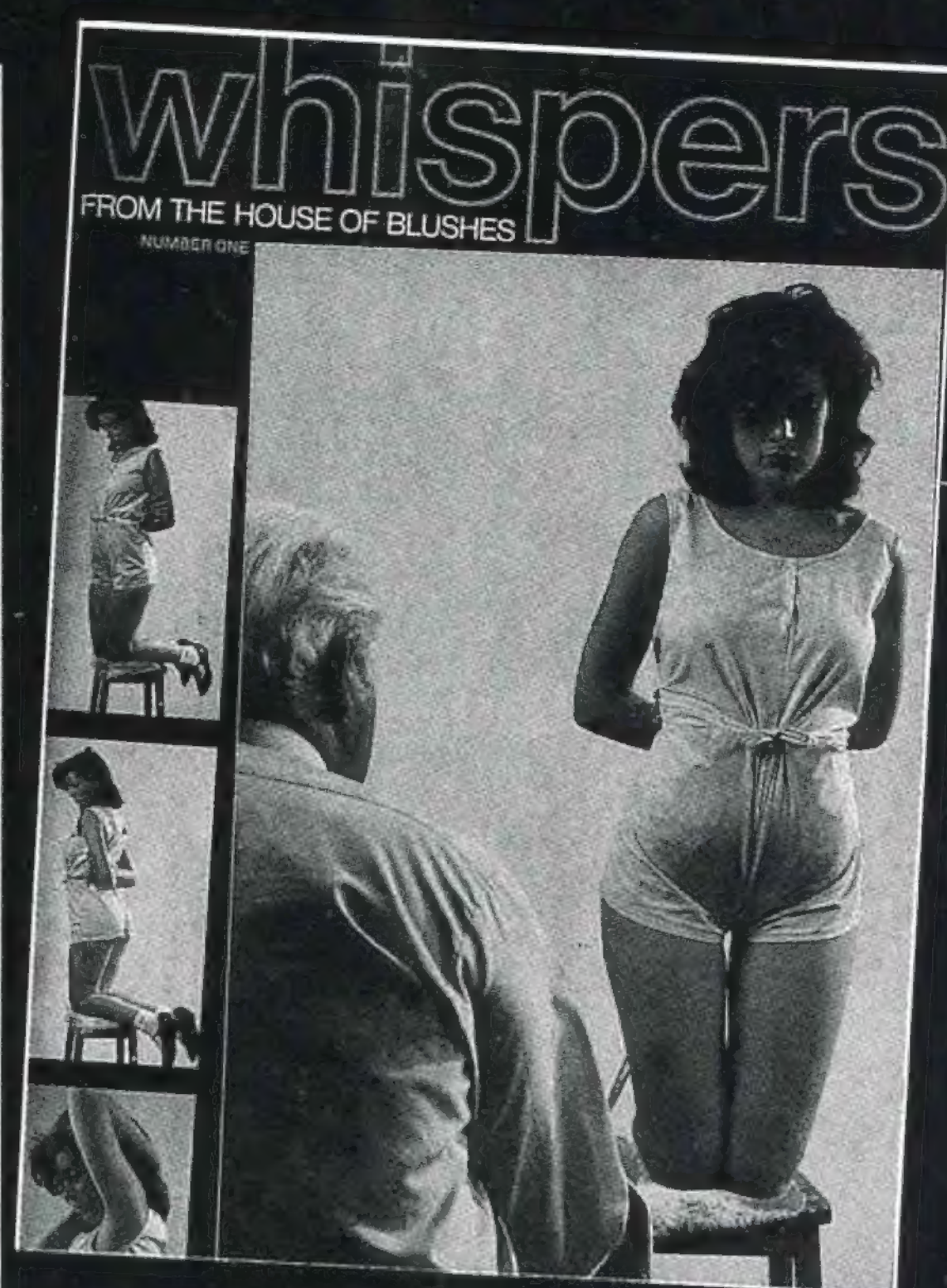
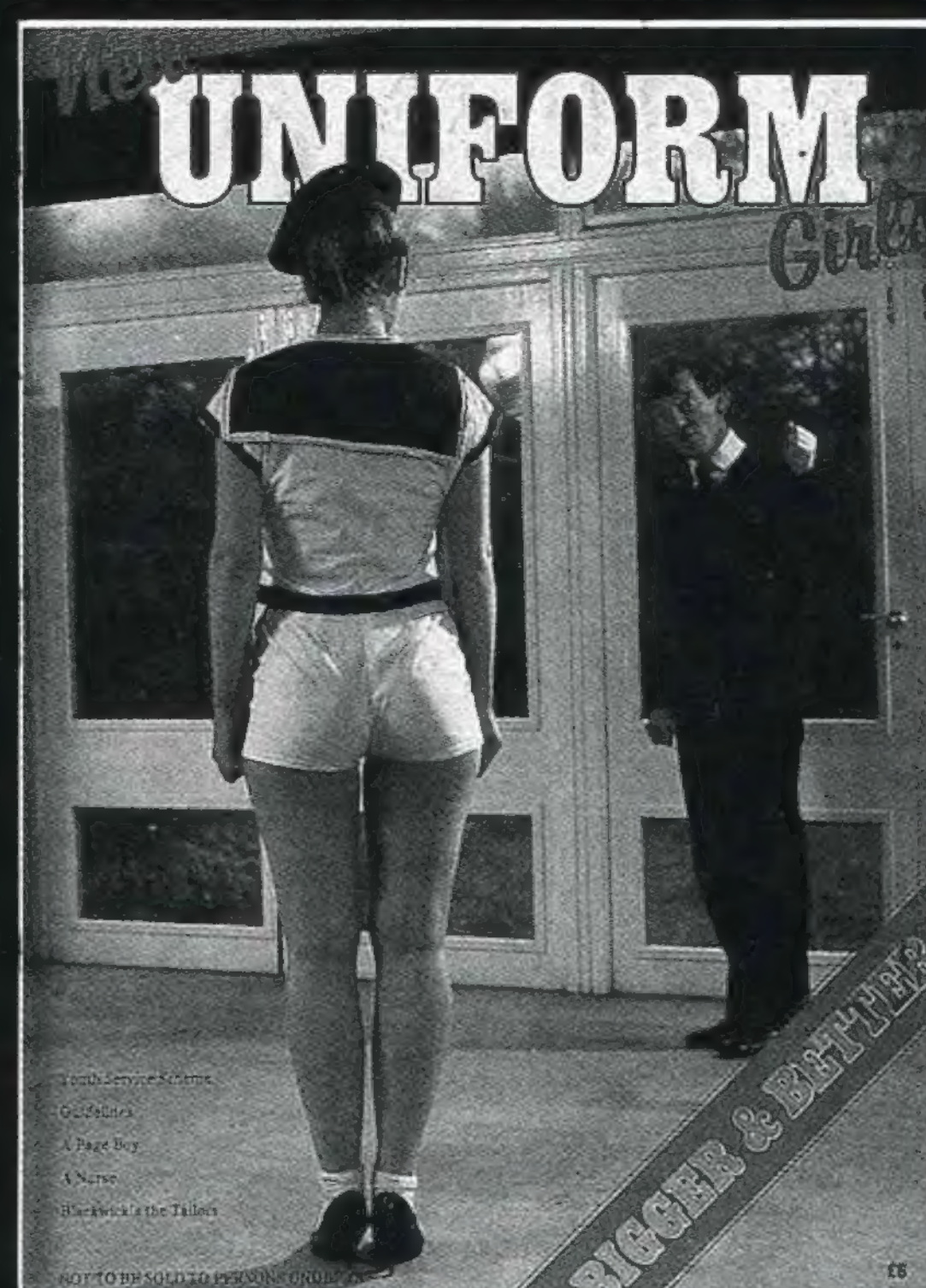
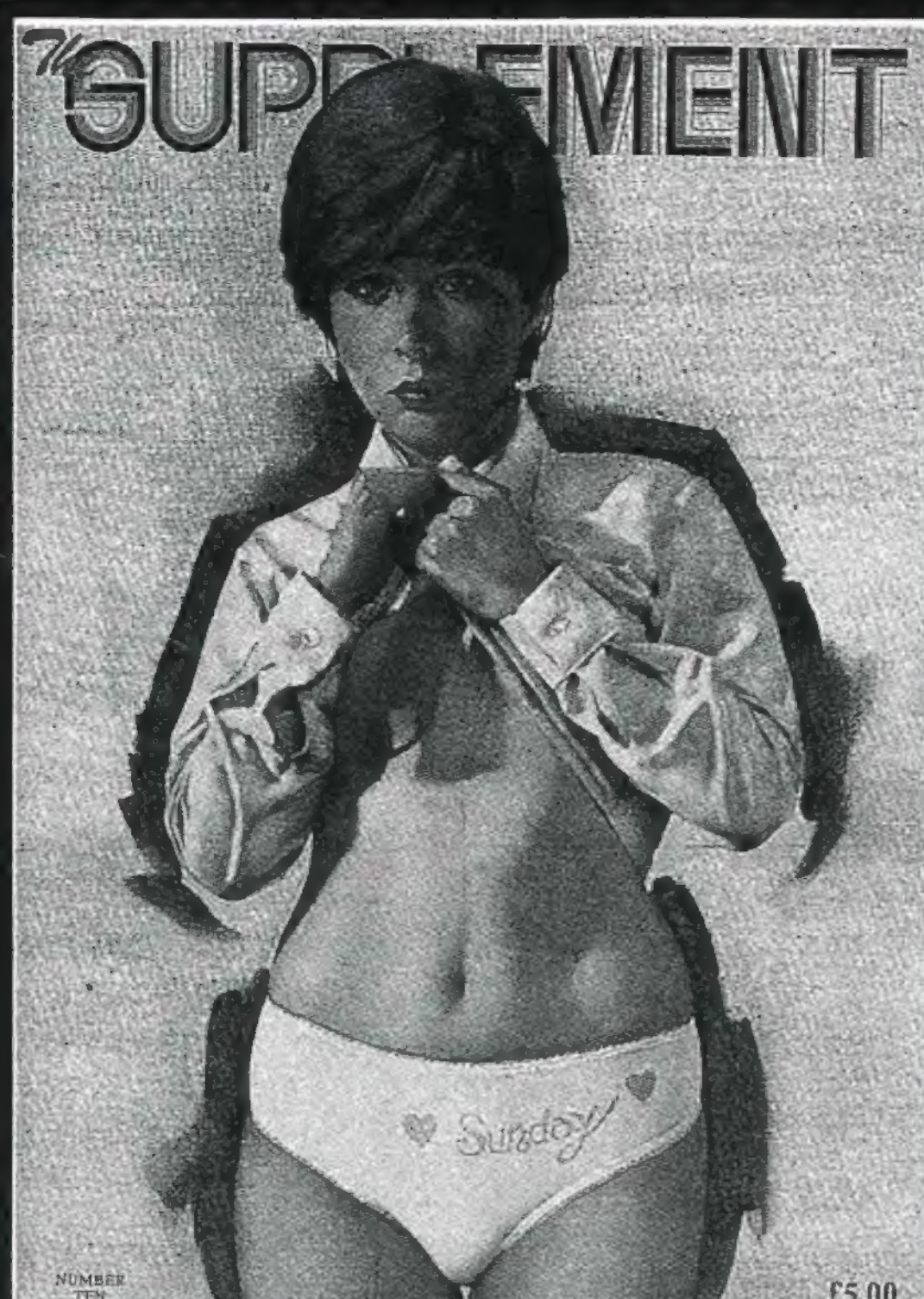
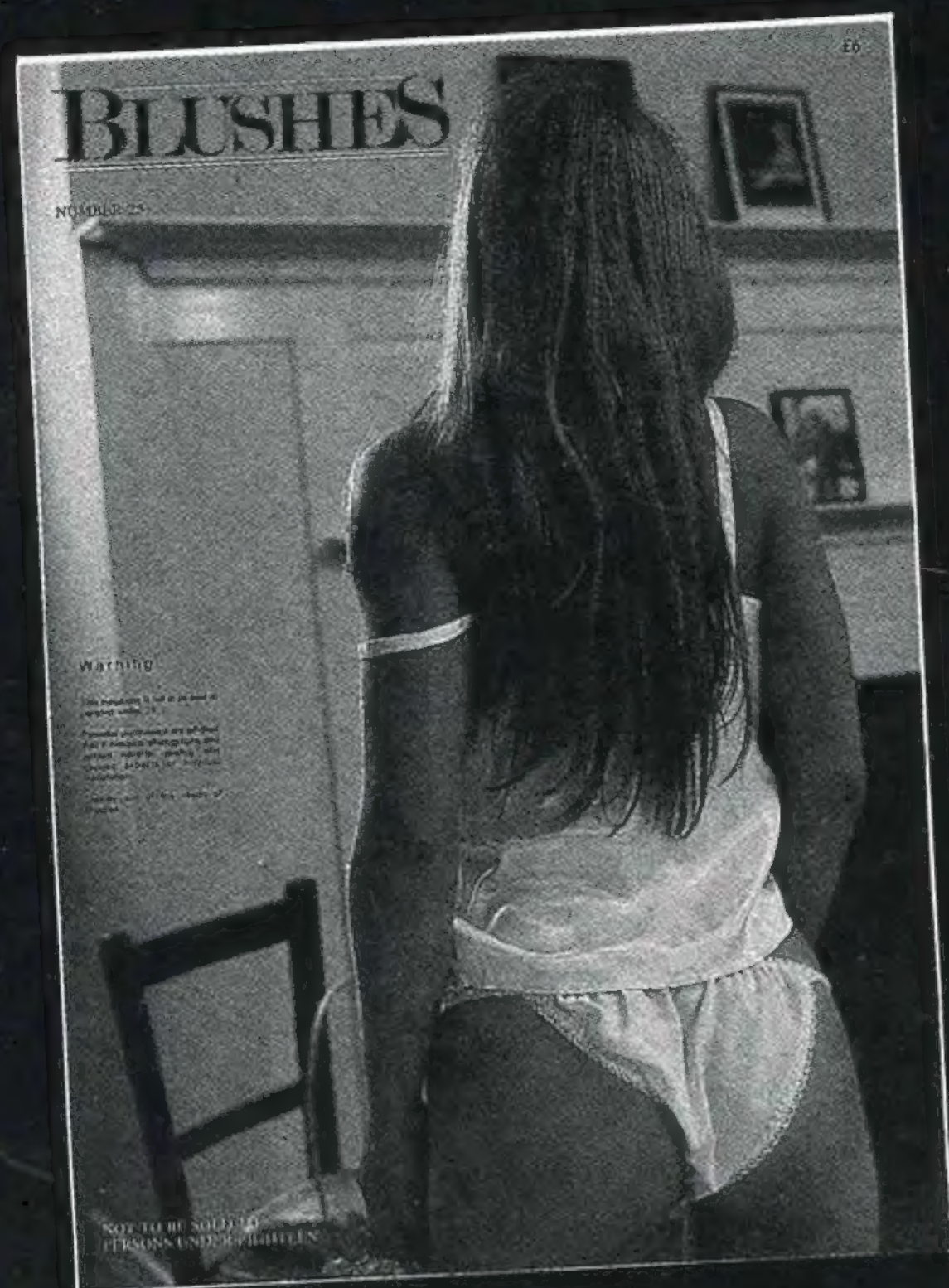
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